The Bystander. No. 51. Vol. IV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1904

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 51.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, November 23, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post. 6½d.

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Marie Tempest

Who received a great welcome last week on her return to the London stage (in the "Freedom of Suzanne," at the Criterion) after her tour in America

No. 51.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOVELS

"Fetters of Gold." By Charles Eddy. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Soldier of the Valley." By Nelson Lloyd. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Under Tropic Skies." By Louis Becke. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"General George." By Moreton Hall. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Hurricane Island." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"Pamela's Choice." By Margaret Weston. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"His Share of the World." By Amy Griffin. (Greening: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"For Love and Honour." By W. M. Raine. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"For Satan's Sake." By Elliott O'Donnell. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Denzil's Device." By Burford Delannoy. (Everett: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Thackeray in the United States." By General J. G. Wilson. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder: 18*s.* net.)

"Animal Autobiographies—The Rat." By G. M. A. Hewett. Illustrated in Colour. (A. and C. Black: 6*s.*)

"Through the Looking Glass, and what Alice Found There." By Lewis Carroll. With fifty Illustrations by John Tenniel. (Macmillan: 2*s.*)

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Lewis Carroll. (Macmillan: 2*s.*)

"Sir Walter Raleigh." By Sir Rennell Rodd. (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Bonnie Scotland." Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Seventy-five Illustrations in Colour. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.*)

"The Hardy Country." By Charles G. Harper. Profusely Illustrated with Photographs of Literary Landmarks of the Wessex Novels. (A. and C. Black: 6*s.*)

"The Story of Sylvie and Bruno." By Lewis Carroll. (Macmillan: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Baily's Hunting Directory." 1904-5. (Vinton and Co.: 5*s.*)

"The Adventures of Cock Robin and his Mate." By R. Kearton, F.Z.S. Illustrated by photographs taken direct from nature. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

"Scottish Life and Character." Painted by H. J. Dobson. Described by W. Sanderson. Twenty Illustrations in Colour. (A. and C. Black; 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Canada, Britain's Largest Colony." By A. L. Haydon. Illustrated. (Cassell's "Our Empire Series": 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Life's Lesser Moods." By C. Lewis Hind. (A. and C. Black: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Georges, or the Isles of France" and "The Prince of Thieves." By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated. Bound in Cloth. (Methuen: 2*s.* each.)

"Catherine Blum" and "Fernande." By Dumas. (Methuen: 6*d.* each.)

"The Vicomte de Bragelonne" and "Nanon." By Dumas. (Methuen: 1*s.* each.)

"O'er Crag and Torrent with Rod and Gun." By W. Stanhope-Lovell. (Everett: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Siegfried." A Romance founded on Wagner's Operas. By S. Baring-Gould. (Dean and Son: 6*s.*)

"For Those were Stirring Times." By J. S. Fletcher. Short Stories. (Everett: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

THE BYSTANDER

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, November 23, 1904

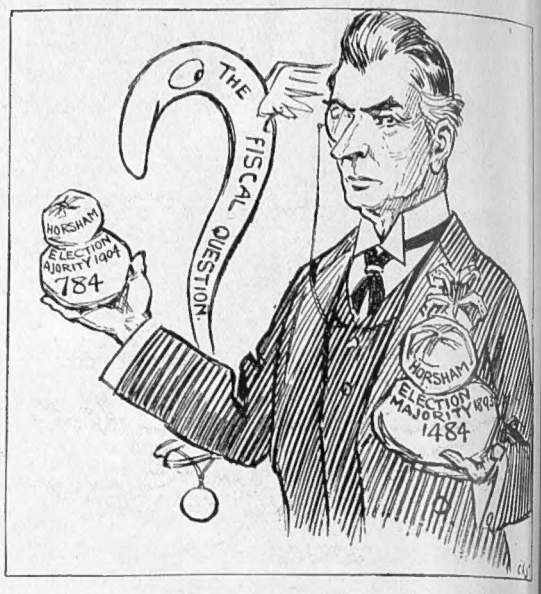
It is a great pleasure to the nation to have been privileged to welcome the King and Queen of Portugal as guests to these shores. The friendship of Great Britain with the Portuguese is historical for it extends back to the very earliest days since there was a nation on these islands sufficiently civilised to be capable of making diplomatic alliances with foreign peoples. But apart from that, King Carlos is—to use a vulgarism—a "real good sort." He is a thorough sportsman, and knows how to appreciate others who are. It will not be forgotten that about two years ago he invited some English lawn tennis players to visit him in Lisbon, and a right good time he gave them. It was a small thing in its way, but it shows the spirit of *bonhomie*, which no one appreciates more than do Englishmen.

The pleasure in welcoming King Carlos is not lessened by the simultaneous announcement that a treaty of arbitration has been signed between ourselves and Portugal, and the news was hardly published before a further treaty of the same nature with Switzerland was made known. The United States, it is reported, have declared their wish to sign one also. Great Britain, therefore, can feel some genuine pride in her efforts for the cause of international peace. France, America, Portugal, and Switzerland—here, indeed, is the nucleus of a vast international agreement to refer disputes which may arise to peaceful arbitration. Italy will, doubtless, be willing to join the happy throng; Austria and Spain will probably follow this excellent new fashion which our good King initiated. Germany will, possibly, ere

IS IT THE DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY?

Abject Man: "May I live?"

Miss Jane Morgan, an American girl, has been awarded a full certificate to command as master mariner on all oceans



Growing beautifully less

J. C.: "Smaller—er—yes, but *still* substantial"

long find that instead of bleeding her subjects to maintain an army and navy out of all proportion to her needs, she would do better for herself to fall into line. Of Russia, nothing can be expected for a while, yet, as she instituted The Hague Tribunal, and is about "fed up" with war, it is quite likely she will follow suit.

* * *

We open our eyes with wonderment. Is it possible that at last Russia is arousing from the torpor of centuries? The announcement that at last a Constitution is to be granted, and that the rights of free speech will be conceded, is, indeed, an indication of the manner in which the nation has been shaken by the disastrous war in the Far East. Thus out of evil grows good! We hope that the news will prove to be true, for if it is, the results will be very far reaching. Once Russia throws off her bureaucracy and becomes a Constitutional State, not only will her wealth and power increase ten-thousand fold, but the development of her immense commercial resources will benefit the entire world.

* * *

The result of the Horsham election is another nail in the coffin of Free Trade! The political relict of Cobden still succeeds in keeping one leg out of the grave, but a few more defeats like Horsham will see this fossilised and antiquated theory killed for good! True, the majority was knocked down to nearly half, but, then, the Liberal candidate was a good man. Besides, many people think that too big a majority is a nuisance—you have so much to live

"A hearty welcome, sir, to our shores"

up to. It is also true that Lord Turnour was not, perhaps, quite so whole-hearted a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain as that great Reformer would have liked, but he followed Mr. Balfour, which is the next best thing. However, one must not look a gift-horse in the mouth, and if the majority at Horsham was 700 below what it was when the seat was last contested—in 1893, when the Liberals were sweeping the country—Mr. Chamberlain, doubtless, consoles himself with the reflection that it might have vanished altogether. For some unexplained reason this sort of phenomenon has not been altogether unknown of late to Fiscal Reformers who have ventured to back their views by fighting constituencies.

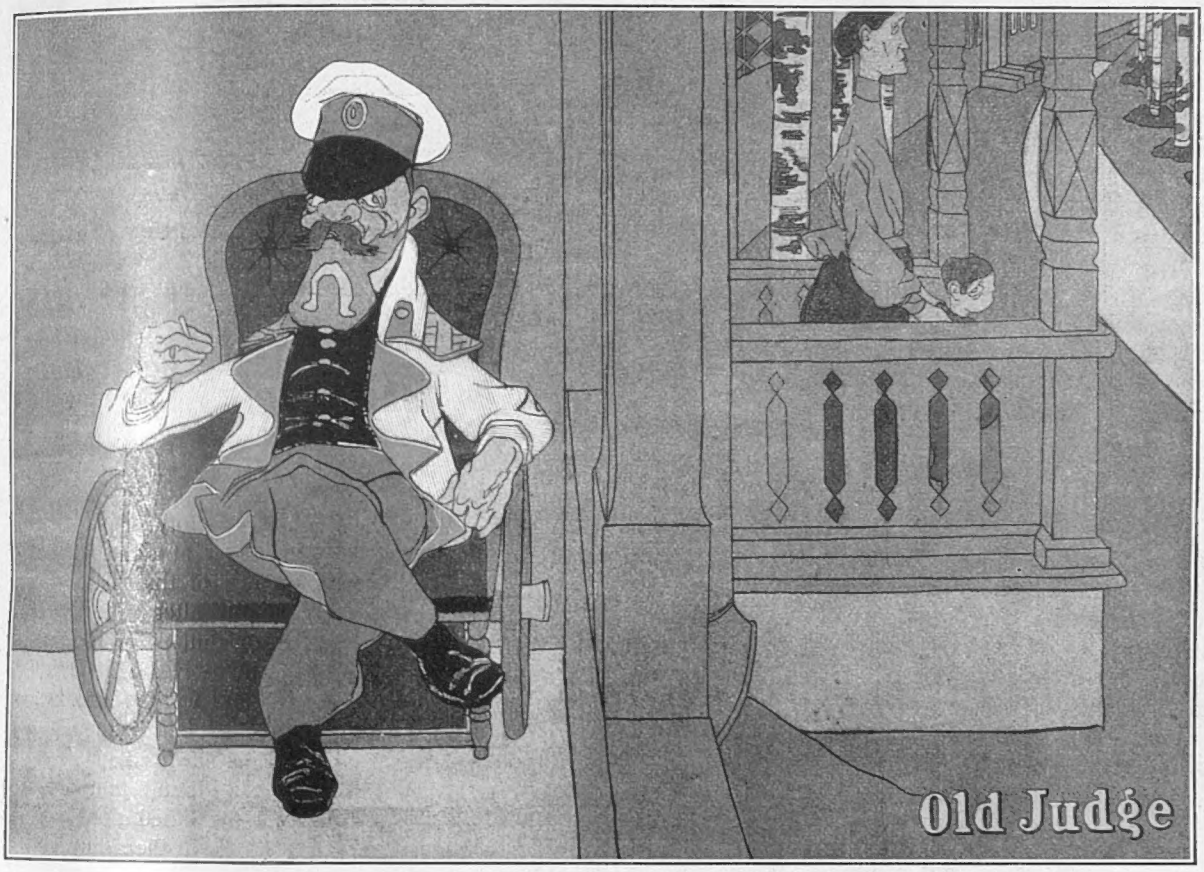
* * *

Miss Olga Nethersole in her remarks on the treatment to which she was subjected by her first night's audience among the pit and gallery patrons, has been accorded universal sympathy. These individuals, because they pay for their seats, are under the impression that they may, in consequence, make themselves objectionable to their hearts' content. Without insisting too much on the fact that other parts of the house are also accustomed to pay to hear a play and not the noisy interruptions of the gallery, it cannot be denied that this "booing" method of disapproving of a play is not only caddish but unsporting to the last degree.

* * *

One of these precious gallery patrons published a letter a few days ago, wherein the writer was good enough to state the reasons that influenced him and his companions to "boo" a play. The stalls being composed of critics and friends of the playwright or artistes do not give verbal effect to their opinions, except to applaud, and so the public might think a a play was, in consequence, a good one. The "booers," therefore, perform a public duty in warning the world not to see a bad play (in their opinion) by "booing" when they disapprove. Do they seriously suppose anyone thinks them to be other than ill-mannered vulgarians?

LORD KITCHENER'S "SECOND WIFE": A RUSSIAN CARTOON



"Kitchener's Calm"

"Old Judge," the famous Russian caricaturist, shows the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Forces meditating on the chances of a Russian invasion. On a former occasion, Lord Kitchener was married by a Russian newspaper to Miss Daisy Leiter Now, "Old Judge" adds not only a wife and a beard, but a child to Lord Kitchener's responsibilities

FROM "SCHUT," ST. PETERSBURG

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Next week's "Bystander" will contain an extra 20-page Illustrated Supplement, entitled, "The French Riviera" The Supplement will contain superb photographs of Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and other places. The Price, as usual, of the issue will be 6d.

At the Criterion Theatre

"THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE"

By Cosmo Gordon Lennox

(ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAWSON WOOD)

Mr. E. Holman Clark as Lord Datchet

Lord Datchet, an elderly admirer of Suzanne's, wears a motor-coat, which at once conceals and protects his infirmities

Marie Tempest, with her adorable tip-tilted nose, her chromatic laugh, and her bubbling irrepressible personality, is once more in our midst. During her absence our risible faculties were in danger of becoming slightly out of gear, not by stress of, but from lack of, employment. Now the world may take his wife and make merry at the spectacle of Marie Tempest bearing on her graceful shoulders the not too onerous burden of *The Freedom of Suzanne.*

The setting of the programme gives the keystone of the play. Suzanne trips through the play, and in her train follow the rest of the characters—her husband, uncle, family solicitor, admirers, mother-in-law, etc.—all labelled in the programme by their relations to her.

A One-Woman Play

Not alone the characters, but the piece itself, can only be expressed in terms of Marie Tempest. It is a one-woman play, which never grows monotonous, for the reason that the one woman is a jewel which catches and reflects light and gaiety from every facet. To attempt to describe these rays is the forlorn mission of the reviewer.

Suzanne is a feminine Jack-in-the-box. Press her down into the crabbed sphere of a mere humdrum spouse, and she shoots out on the springs of remonstrance. The husband, the uncle, the family solicitor, the admirers, the mother-in-law, etc., each, in turn, sits upon the box, and all fly off at different angles as the lid springs open; they all sit upon the box, when up springs Suzanne, and their collapse is complete. In the language of the defiant schoolboy, smarting under imaginary wrong, she is not to be "downed."

Mr. Allan Aynesworth as Charles Trevor

Charles Trevor is moved to bathos at the sight of his wife's pretty little toes

A Good Story

After a brief, but wholly satisfactory explanation of her temperament, and the matter at issue between herself and husband and the rest of the characters, enter Suzanne upon the assembly after midnight to explain matters for herself. "A dull party indeed," she remarks, as they curl into themselves with resentment against the late-comer." "I will try and liven things up a bit." She does so by telling them her adventures of the evening—how she looked up an admirer to take her to dinner, and found him out—how, left to her own resources, she dined alone, and sallying forth got mixed up in a row in Piccadilly, and found an old friend in need, who turned out to be slightly under the influence of liquor—how she fled from her escort, as he was helplessly bound to his own door by the chain on which he carried his latch-key. These amazing adventures she retailed with a lucidity, an expressive innocence, a picturesqueness, an employment of the delicate shades of suggestion, a command of dramatic effect—which would raise the demon of self-depreciation in the breast of the most skilled *raconteur.*

Suzanne, the Conqueror

She plays upon the feelings of her listeners, interesting them in spite of themselves. The mellow light of injured innocence in her eye is the danger signal which they, fascinated, fail to regard. She throws out feelers of sympathy, and having drawn them on to a plane of understanding with herself, she gives them each and several a playful love scratch. Suzanne breaks up the party, each member of which seeks to retrieve the general misfortunes of a general rout by the personal chances of a bout. But with

no better success. Suzanne is as successful in single as in general combat. The forces retire discomfited, and there is only the exasperated husband left to give battle. Worsted in argument, he resorts to force, and, seizing her wrists, lays himself open to the charge of "cruelty," which suffices for a stage-law divorce.

One's last impression before the curtain falls on an exquisitely ludicrous scene is an agitated toque punctuating the throes of Suzanne's severe and richly-deserved shaking.

A Chastened Divorcée

The rebellion of Suzanne is much the most amusing part of the play. Having achieved her freedom, she becomes chastened in spirit, and when next we meet her as a divorced woman she is filled with a vague yearning for her husband, which expresses itself in rude remarks to her male admirers —Tommy Keston (*ætat* 18) and Lord Datchet (*ætat* 80)—and acidulated politeness to Mrs. Tustall, the lady with whom her ex-husband is dallying.

The extraordinary cuteness of the modern stage-husband fills us with admiration. They are turned out by their makers into little up-to-date models of Petruchio. Suzanne's husband affects the most complete indifference to his divorced wife. He treats her timid little advances with the most hateful *bonhomie*. What's a poor spurned little ex-wife to do but cry? Suzanne mingles her tears with a very plain companion, Miss Fanny Minching, a most amusing caricature by Miss Alice Beet.

A Good Cry

The scene between the two women is a dangerous memory to store. Recollection of it conjures up a wide smile which might be mistaken by those ignorant of its source for a betrayal of the vacant mind. Miss Tempest takes the theme "Laughter and Tears," and discusses it, as musicians say, with a wealth of variation. This is the order of her emotions: tears, smiles through tears, smiles, laughter —then down the scale: laughter, smiles, tears through smiles, tears. The lightning shutter of a camera is not more rapid than her change from one note to another.

Miss Beet accompanies the performance. Sometimes the two women cry together, sometimes laugh together, now one laughs when t'other cries, again one cries when t'other laughs. The audience, less finely trained to the manipulation of this delicate theme, howls with bucolic laughter throughout.

This duet has the most inspiriting effect upon Suzanne Trevor. Learning that Miss Beet, in the muddling way which characterises plain and devoted adherents, has sent Mr. Trevor up to town with Mrs. Tustall, Suzanne swoops down upon Tommy Keston, seizes his motor-coat, and once again the curtain descends upon a most diverting spectacle, that of a cumbrous motor-coat and cap literally shot across the stage by a pair of clock-work pink feet.

We see rather more of those pink feet again, under less happy auspices. Suzanne arrives, bedraggled, at her husband's flat. After a few more comedy passages, Charles Trevor makes his wife change her stockings, and, sad it is to relate, is moved to bathos at the sight of his wife's pretty little toes. By a wise dispensation of someone's art, this bathetic picture does not form the curtain. Suzanne embraces her husband. To relieve her overcharged feelings she bursts into laughter, then again buries her nose in his coat. That nose! Loyal service was given to the queen, who dominated this little comedy, by her faithful subjects—the husband, the uncle, the admirers, the mother-in-law, the companion.

E. C. S.

Off to chase her husband up to town

Telling an amazing story of an evening's adventures in Piccadilly

The family solicitor strikes the right chord, and is rewarded by a warm embrace

Three aspects of Miss Marie Tempest as the wilful, fascinating Suzanne

"At the Sign of the Times"

"Curious Incidents"

Some day, when the Smoke Abatement Society has brought its powerful organisation to bear upon all offenders, there will be no fogs, and the intelligent foreigner will no longer voyage to London in order to gaze upon these unique spectacles. That, however, is looking forward. At present, November shows no falling off from its reputation as a foggy month, and, as a result, there have been the usual "curious incidents" all over the country. We note, amongst others, the lateness of judges at county courts (always curious), the semi-suffocation of a Northern Choir, and a letter from Mr. Balfour.

Patriotism

INTENDING EMIGRANT: How moch most I pay to go steerich to ze United States?

BOOKING CLERK: Five pounds ten.

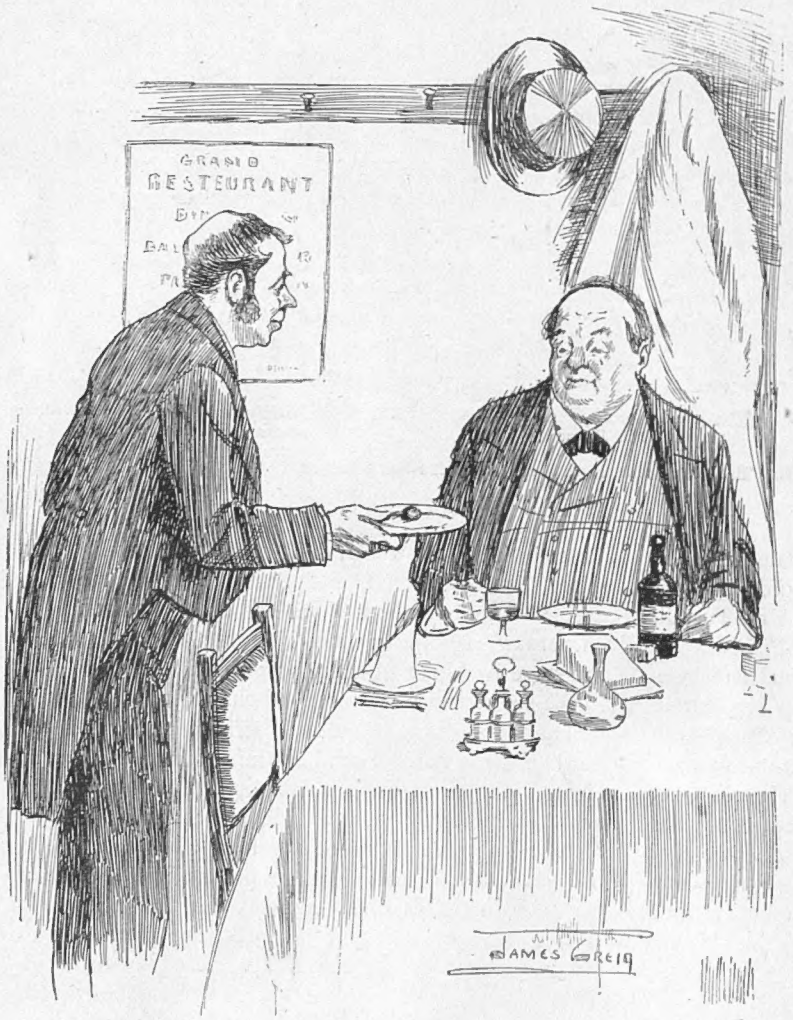
INTENDING EMIGRANT: Vat? I sought it vas two ponds.

BOOKING CLERK: Ah, the Rate War is over now. Prices have gone up.

INTENDING EMIGRANT: Ver well zen. I vill not go. I vill stay and be an Englishman.

Dramatic Coincidences

Theatrical experts always maintain that the plays of a season, however they may differ from one another internally, always tend to a similarity in title. Thus, at one time, there was a run upon the word "Way" (as in "The Only Way," "Grierson's Way," etc.); at another time, the run was on the word "Sword." The truth would seem to be, not that there is any plagiarism in the matter, but that titles have their fashions like anything else. We have been wondering if what the evening papers call "the vicar's play"—"For Church or Stage"—will carry on this precedent. If it does, we may shortly expect "For Amateur Theatricals or Sunday School," "For Smoking Concert or Pulpit," and "For Pav. or Mothers' Meetings." After that, there will probably be a change.



At the Table d'Hôte

GOURMAND (after a table d'hote): "Anything else, waiter?"

WAITER: "One more peach, sir, and you'll 'ave *eat the menu*"

Our Agony Column

(*Personal and Business*)

To Politicians and Voters.—Are you feeling sick and tired, as if you wanted rest and change? Balfour's Redistribution Pills will cure you. Try them. They cost less than a change, and will be more effective. Mr. Brodrick writes: "I cannot too highly recommend Balfour's Redistribution Pills. Everybody needs them, or will when they have tried them."

To Manufacturers.—If any manufacturer who thinks that he is prospering will apply to Mr. J. Chamberlain, Highbury, Birmingham, he will hear of something to his disadvantage.

To Detective Agencies and Arctic Explorers. — Lost or strayed — between Dogger Bank and North Pole — several Japanese torpedo-boats. Anyone giving information leading to discovery of the same within the next six months will be handsomely rewarded. Apply, Russian Government, St. Petersburg.

To Leader-Writers. — Bright, brainy Protectionist wanted for a standard newspaper. No special knowledge required, but must have ideas in the "Hidden Treasure" line. Call early at Hustler's, Ltd.

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

"Zutka?" the famous man?-doll? either? or both? puzzle at the Hippodrome, flies by accident out of his box opposite Anderton's, to the delight of a Fleet Street audience

This contretemps occurred as Zutka was on his way to be photographed. The crowd, despite the fact that they were being given a free show, made sarcastic remarks, to which Zutka replied by winking convulsively

On Circuit

The following excerpts from the diary of a judge on circuit only serve to emphasise the importance of the warning delivered by Mr. Justice Wills the other day, when he complained of the dirt and inconvenience of the lodgings assigned to him:

November 6.—Reached Wilmington last night. Dirty rooms, and shaving water this morning absolutely cold. Housekeeper said water would not heat unless fire had been lighted a week. Went to courts in bad temper. Gave extreme penalties in fifteen cases.

November 9.—Field-day at Comelywell. Lunch odious. Only four cases before me, but gave seven years between them. Much depends on lunch.

November 11.—Stoxton. Is one kipper a proper breakfast for one of His Majesty's judges? Was compelled to supplement it with buns at local confectioners, and kept jurymen waiting two hours. Served them right.

November 13.—Dined with Mayor of Cooley to-night. Claret contemptible. If my bed is as hard as I fancied when I first saw it, there will be no acquittals to-morrow. When will provincials understand that judges are only human?

Morocco-Bound

Army reform seems to be coming to the fore in Morocco. The other day, when the Pretender delivered an impetuous charge on the Sultan's troops, the latter declined to fight. They claimed that they had not been properly drilled, and did not care for their service cap. They liked, they said, to have their pay served out more regularly, and also a day off now and then, particularly in war-time. Their general, fearing to be surrounded, invited them to retire to a distant spot, where they would have more leisure for conversation. They accepted the invitation. The Sultan is beginning to wonder whether he did right in calling his rival names.

The Simpler Way

The Brazilians are an emotional people. They do not want to be vaccinated; and the premature publication of a compulsory vaccination law seems to have so worked on their feelings that in Rio de Janeiro they no sooner heard of it than "they cut the water-mains, destroyed the street-lamps, fired the tramcars, and broke the telephone wires." The result may be—as is reported while we go to press—that the obnoxious law will be repealed, and all Brazilians be at liberty to develop small-pox as soon as they please. But there would have been a so much simpler method of attaining this desirable end. The insertion of a conscience clause. We are wiser than the Brazilians, anyhow.

Christmas Numbers

It seems that Christmas is to supply us with a new and unexpected pleasure, namely, double Christmas numbers of some daily papers. The Christmas numbers of the magazines have been a familiar feature for some years now, but with the daily papers it will, we believe, be a considerable innovation. The only question is, of course, by what means the dailies will double themselves. News is not capable of indefinite expansion, like short stories, and six leading articles instead of three would hardly, perhaps, rejoice the public as much as a leader-writer might expect.

The Way Out of the Difficulty

What then is going to happen? Will politicians be bribed (supposing bribes be necessary) to deliver twice their ordinary number of speeches? It would almost seem as if their audiences will have to be bribed also in that event. Will burglars be instigated to embark on a special Christmas series of crimes? The police would hardly like that.

TWENTY-NINE HORRIBLE MURDERS!
See the *Evening Herald's* Christmas Number,

might make an attractive poster, though we doubt it.

Photo by *Lavell*

Twining's celebrated tea-house in the Strand

After nearly 200 years' trading, Twining's has just been turned into a Limited Liability Company

No, the only way out of the difficulty would be to publish all the contents of the Editor's post-bag. Letters from our readers! Admitting these, few dailies would have any difficulty in producing a quadruple Christmas number. MINIMUS.

The Beginner

(*A Rondeau of the Links*)

I'd cried out "Fore!"—here let me say
I was but learning how to play.
It looked a simple thing to do,
To reach the next red flag in two—
Alas! to pride I fell a prey!

For to my horror and dismay
My ball rolled, just a yard away;
And then I felt I'd cause to rue
I'd cried out "Fore!"

Two other men in blazers gay
—Thought I, two Royal and Ancients they—
In scathing tones demanded, "Who
The de'il I was, and what the noo
—(Aboot a stroke I'd foozled sae)—
I'd cried out for!"

(*By another* EARNEST LAYMAN.)

The English Translation of a French Novel

"L'HISTOIRE DU BARBE-BLEU"

("THE HISTORY OF THE BLUE BEARD")

A suggestion has been made in a contemporary that translations from French novels should be literal.

I go to laugh myself like a horse. I am amused; I make my face; it has funny.

. . . . . .

I am what you call Sultan. There are to me many Sultanas. How many?!! It is not on the fingers of my hand that you count them. I am with a friend to go away to spend his evening with him, because he is feeling a good time by himself and I make the comforts. I leave my commands behind my back. "Fatima, here are to you some keys; do not for gracious open a certain room." So simple, you know. I get on to the top of the camel, and I ride myself away. What happens when I am behind my back. Fatima first sets to squash and render inconsolable the other Sultanas, but one of them the name to who is Anne. "Anne," says Fatima, "I open the cupboard." "You have reason," replies Anne. They go. The cupboard is opened by them. Parbleu! what misfortune. They cannot get the stain from the key, the house has not for itself the soap. Anne is in a tower. I am approach, they fear, name of my hat what to do. It is impossible. I come within. I make my shot; it has reason. I call to Fatima, she has a faint. Poor Fatima, she is now very dead.

. . . . . .

What has my secret I expose myself to you. In the cupboard I must keep a list of my wives to remember. Fatima enters, smashes a bottle of red ink, drops the key, but she looks. She finds the picture in words of herself—what horror! I make a rough description. I say, "Waist measure 28, scratch out and say 49." Poor Fatima. But for the same idea I laugh to burst myself—it is because I have so many I must take a note of them, as you English do on your programmes; and I am a rough fellow without the compliment.

Bystander Philosophy

Poverty is the antithesis of popularity.

Water would be a more popular beverage if it could be imitated.

The tramp is prosecuted. But he wears a London County Council coat—mostly exits.

A man is judged by the company he floats.

When the "worldly" goods of the bridegroom tot up to exactly eighty-five bridge counters and a hair-brush, Society calls it a love-match.

"Rome was not built in a day." This is what the *soubrette* bawled through her dressing-room door to the waiting stage-manager.

You can never really appreciate innocent helplessness—and its abundance—till you strike a fusee in a London fog.

In a London "Particular"

SKETCHED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

PLEASANT FOR JOHN!

(*Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been caught in the fog, and the horn has gone wrong*)

Mrs. Jones: "Oh, John, dear! *Don't* you think you'd better run on in front and shout?"

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Why drag in Rembrandt?

It is a very fascinating prospect for the poor and struggling genius, this discovery by Mr. Keyworth Raine. No longer will he be forced to pay exorbitant rents for converted stables; no longer will he have to dodge the colour shop—now, by the kindness of Mr. Keyworth Raine, he can work in the dark, dispense with his palette, and use but one brush. It is curious to think of the artist of the future as a human mushroom, making imitation old masters in a cellar; it is curious to know how the Duchess of —— will like her daughter, Lady ——, sitting in the dark with the artist of the future, and coming home (in paint) looking as if she were 200 years old. It is most interesting to read that commissions are pouring in, showing that to sit in the dark with an artist is destined to become the fashionable thing to do At the early age of twenty-seven, Mr. Keyworth Raine has decided to enter a dark room with Mr. Drew at the Hôtel Métropole, and emerge from there with a portrait of Mr. Drew, looking as if it had been painted 200 years ago. Mr. Sant, R.A., expresses doubt, but is to be there to see the marvel done.

What marvels this notion opens out. No doubt the *chef* at the Métropole will descend into the cellars and, with but one frying-pan, will produce an egg looking as if it had been laid 200 years ago. No doubt the novelists will darken their studies and with but one pen produce eighteenth century novels. No doubt the gentlemen in Wardour Street will go into the darkened basements of their workshops, and

Photo by *Advance Agency*

Mr. Keyworth Raine, who has announced that he has discovered Remtrandt's secret method of painting

The secret has all to do with the question of light. The only light in Mr. Raine's studio comes from the little window on the left top of the picture

with but one piece of deal, will produce real Chippendale bureaus. Now we can understand the symbolism of Francis the First, who picked up the brush of Titian—and of Philip the Fourth, who painted a decoration on to the Velasquez portrait of himself—with one brush. However, at present, as to the value of this idea, we—with Mr. Keyworth Raine—remain absolutely in the dark.

Fanning Japanese Ardour

Mrs. Sato, the charming young Japanese lady of our illustration, is the wife of a leading Japanese merchant and shipowner of Kobe. She has rendered great services to her country by organising one of the patriotic societies in Japan, run entirely by ladies, the special function of this one being to minister to the pleasure of the Japanese forces as they pass through the various stations on their way to the front. Ladies of the society visit the troops at the Kobe railway station as they pass through, and present each soldier with copies of the patriotic songs written by Marquis Yamagata and others. They serve tea out to each of the soldiers, and also present them with a packet of cigarettes each. The patriotic songs are so written as to cover historically the whole of the facts connected with the Russian invasion of Manchuria, and the expulsion of the Japanese from the Liaōtung Peninsula in 1895 by the Allied Powers of Germany, France, and Russia. Consequently, no single soldier in the Japanese Army is unacquainted with the purpose of the cause for which he is fighting. They also visit each train of wounded soldiers as they return from the seat of war, and are being passed up to their various military or home districts or depôts. The system adopted by the ladies' organisation is so

Mrs. Sato

A Japanese lady of Kobe, who has rendered great services to her country by organising a patriotic society to minister to the Japanese forces on their way to the front

The German Empress at the opening of the new floating church on the River Spree, Berlin, for the use of fishermen and bargemen

perfect that, unless under very exceptional circumstances, none of the trains are allowed to pass through unvisited, and to those going to the front they sing these patriotic songs, so that the soldiers, by the time they get to the port of embarkation, are thoroughly acquainted with the music written to the songs. The service that they are rendering to the cause, and to the development of the patriotic ardour, is enormous, and can hardly be realised by Europeans.

Photo by *Russell*

The late Lieut. J. E. Edden, R.N., of H.M.S. "Penguin"

Whose sad death by drowning occurred recently off Kawan Island owing to the capsizing of a whale-boat

Miss Alice de Winton

Miss Alice de Winton, the charming young actress, whose impersonation of Joanna Goodlake was such a success, has little in common with the evil genius of *Mice and Men*, of whom she gave so life-like a representation. Frank, unaffected, full of the *joie de vivre*, she is artistic to her finger tips, paints pictures of quite exceptional merit, plays the piano, and is a writer of pretty verses. Devoted to an outdoor life, mountaineering, tobogganing, and skating, are among her delights, and unless she can be persuaded to accept a London engagement, she intends to spend the winter in Switzerland. Miss Alice de Winton returned from a most successful American tour in March. Her manner of doing her hair created quite a sensation among the fair sex in Chicago and St. Louis, and, to her astonishment, she saw one day on a big placard the words: "Miss Alice de Winton. Her Venus de Milo coiffure." A great many curious fair ones entreated to be told her secret—after all a very simple one. Before going on the stage, the pretty young actress merely dips a comb into water and passes it through her hair in the front, thus accentuating its natural waviness, and rolls it into a loose knot in the nape of her neck. Miss de Winton lives with her mother in a pretty flat at Kensington; she is a sister of Miss Dora de Winton, at present playing in *The Prayer of the Sword*, who is the wife of Mr. John Saunders, the well-known dramatist and actor.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Miss Alice de Winton

Sister of Miss Dora de Winton, now appearing in *The Prayer of the Sword*, at the Adelphi Theatre

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Margaret Halstan

The clever and versatile actress who can play as well in German as she can in English. Miss Halstan's engagement to Mr. John Hartman Morgan was recently announced

The Australian Billiard Champion

The present billiard season is hardly two months old, yet what a storm of controversy has already arisen. Constantly we are asked in well-spread black headlines, "Is John Roberts the man he was?" or "Should Roberts and Stevenson (or Dawson) play level?" and much correspondence anent Robert's touch, eyesight, play, deterioration, etc., etc., has appeared in the papers. Meanwhile, Roberts calmly concedes huge starts to all his opponents, and goes on delighting audiences with the same style of play which made him famous at the Egyptian Hall—the speculative, or rather, imaginative play, which all the practice in the world cannot put into a man, for the great billiardist, like the poet, is born, not made. In the meantime, another star has arisen in the billiard firmament, in the person of Weiss, the Australian Champion, who has defeated most players in Australia and South Africa after conceding extravagant starts. Mr. Weiss, who drew with Stevenson in his recent match with him, has on three occasions beaten the great John Roberts (of course, receiving starts from the English Champion), his best win being at Brisbane in 1901, when, receiving 1,025 in a game of 4,000 up, he won by 1,412. He also holds the record for the largest break made in South Africa—488. Mr. Weiss will play in the Billiard Association's American Tournament and Pyramid Handicap, commencing on December 5, at the Grand Hall. He starts with Harverson from scratch.

Photo by *Denton*

Mr. Weiss, the noted Australian billiard player
Who has been meeting with great success in London

[*Photo by Vandyck*
Colonel H. Ricardo
Who has just retired from the command of the Scots Guards

[*Photo by Lavell*
Mr. "Yank" Beil
An American lad of twenty-two, who is now walking through the United Kingdom on his way round the world

Walking Round the World

The Temple of Fame has many doors by which aspirants may now enter. It has ceased to be sacred to followers of the Muses and Mars, and in the rough-and-tumble jostle for admittance the painter and the poet are seen scrambling with such people as the cricketer and the comedian. Perhaps the latest method of achieving fame is to walk round the world. Mr. "Yank" Beil, an American lad of twenty-two, whose portrait we reproduce, and who recently reached our shores, is now walking though the United Kingdom on his way to achieve this feat. In the course of his travels, he should run against many others making the same bid for fame—there was quite an epidemic of this sort of thing a year ago—among them a certain Hungarian, who chose the more arduous method of pushing his wife and child in front of him in a sort of wheelbarrow.

West Dean Park, the Beautiful Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James

Photo by *Russell*

His Majesty's Host

WHERE KING EDWARD IS BEING ENTERTAINED THIS WEEK

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

and Hostess

His Majesty's visit to West Dean Park is especially interesting, inasmuch as it is most unusual for the Sovereign to pay a visit to the country house of a commoner, however distinguished that commoner may be. Mr. and Mrs. "Willie" James first entertained the King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, some ten years ago, and the King has stayed several times at West Dean since his first memorable visit to this delightful West Sussex mansion. His Majesty's host is a brother of Mr. Arthur James; there was yet a third brother, who lost his life on a big-game shooting expedition, and all three were at one time well known in London as popular bachelor hosts. Mrs. Willie James was, before her marriage, a Miss Forbes, of Newe, and she has inherited much of the beauty and all the charm of her aunts, the late Duchess of Atholl and Georgiana, Lady Dudley.

A Talented Amateur Actress

She is a very clever and admirable amateur actress, and has been one of the Queen's favourite younger friends for many years, in fact, as Miss Forbes, of Newe, she was one of the very few girls allowed to associate, on intimate terms, with the three Princesses of Wales. One of Mr. and Mrs. James's little daughters is a god-child of Her Majesty's. West Dean Park is thought by many people to be a far finer mansion, from the architectural point of view, than Goodwood House itself.

A Picturesque Dwelling

It is a long picturesque building, and is almost exactly a hundred years old. It was built by Lord Selsey, and most of the wonderful art

Photo by *Russell*

West Dean Park, Chichester, where the King is being entertained this week by Mr. and Mrs. James

The Dining-room at West Dean Park

treasures now in the great reception rooms were collected by him, though the present owners of West Dean have made additions in the shape of priceless old tapestries and French furniture of the best eighteenth century period. Mr. James has always been noted as a sportsman, and the entrance hall of his country house is filled with sporting trophies.

A Home of Sport

The estate is famed for its shooting, and is the Mecca of racing folk, owing to its proximity to Goodwood. The lovely Sussex racecourse is close to West Dean Park, and each July Mr. and Mrs. James entertain a large house-party, the members of which drive to the course through the fine park, which includes an ideal arboretum. A beautiful suite of rooms is reserved for the use of Royal visitors, and a typical Royal house-party has been asked to have the honour of meeting the King.

Photos by *Russell*

The Drawing-room at West Dean Park

MATTERS MUSICAL

Recitations with Music

A form of entertainment which seems to find growing popularity is the recitation accompanied by incidental music, and so great is becoming its vogue that one of the items of the last Queen's Hall Symphony Concert was, to our astonishment, a rendering of Von Wildenbruch's *Hexenlied*, accompanied by music composed for the purpose by Max Schillings. It is a matter of considerable doubt whether such adaptations are of any musical value, and they certainly seem somewhat out of place at a symphony concert. Miss Tita Brand recited the gloomy poem with great dramatic force, and Mr. Wood's orchestra played the accompaniment with equal skill and feeling, but the result could not be called satisfactory. One had a sensation that either the recitation or the music would have been acceptable alone, but that the performance of the two simultaneously, interfered with the legitimate effect of each.

The Metrostyle Pianola

The proprietors of the Metrostyle Pianola recently held a much-appreciated recital at the Æolian Hall, and several selections were given on the fine pipe organ which the Orchestrelle Company have had fitted there. The manufacturers claim for the pianola that, by following the marks which have been placed on the rolls, in many cases by the composers themselves, an effect can be produced which is practically identical with human interpretation by the musician who has marked the roll. To a certain extent, this result seems to be possible, and particularly pleasing was a valse by Godard, which had been marked for interpretation in this manner. Indeed, the pianola promises to find its greatest field of usefulness in the ballroom, where its somewhat mechanical and strongly-marked rhythm is eminently suitable for dancing.

Miss Perceval Allen

Miss Perceval Allen, whose portrait is given this week, has a most engaging personality, and during the half-dozen years or so that she has been before the public, has proved herself a soprano of great versatility. She likes singing to an orchestral accompaniment, and has lately made a special study of Wagner with great success. One of her most recent appearances was at one of the Saturday Orchestral Concerts.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Perceval Allen

One of our most versatile soprani

Two-Shilling Stalls

Originally founded by Hugh Price Hughes, and still run in connection with the West London Mission, the Saturday Orchestral Concerts are arranged to take place, every Saturday evening, at St. James's Hall, under the able conductorship of Mr. Edward O'Brien. As may be imagined from the fact that one buys a sofa stall for two shillings, the public is a mixed one, but quite good music is performed.

THIS WEEK'S MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS

Wednesday, November 23

Bechstein Hall. F. Warren's Vocal Recital, at 3.

Thursday, November 24

Bechstein Hall. Miss M. Bennett's Concert, at 3.

Friday, November 25

Bechstein Hall. St. Q. Downer's Piano Recital, at 3.

Steinway Hall. Miss R. Holland's Piano Recital, at 8.30.

Bechstein Hall. A. Rösing's First Concert, at 8.30.

Saturday, November 26

Queen's Hall Orchestral Concert, at 3.

Bechstein Hall. Miss Marie Brema's Vocal Recital, at 3.30.

Monday, November 28

Bechstein Hall. G. Enesco's Violin Recital, at 3.

Bechstein Hall. Miss E. Zichlin's First Violin Recital, at 8.

Æolian Hall. Miss M. Foster's Vocal Recital, at 8.30.

Tuesday, November 29

St. James's Hall. Sarasate Special Recital, at 3.

Queen's Hall. London Choral Society, *Elijah*, at 8.

Æolian Hall. Miss N. Drewett's Piano Recital, at 8.30.

H. F.

A DOG STORY WITHOUT WORDS

FROM ABROAD

Parisiana. By "V. de PARIS"

Aristocrats on Strike

A grim threat was issued by the Marquis de la Rochetulon, deputy for the Vendée department (now a man of note because of his duel with Lieutenant André, the son of the Minister of War), in the lobby of the Palais Bourbon, in my hearing, the other afternoon.

"If this sort of thing goes on," he remarked, straightening his 6ft. out to its fullest, and alluding to the majority which the Government had gained, and the Army and freemasonry scandal, "we *gens du monde* will do as the Socialist working-men are doing —will go on strike." And M. de la Rochetulon, who, before he sobered down and became one of his country's rulers, was one of the wildest young men Paris has known since the Empire's palmy days, was threatening by the book, for I have heard much the same notion from several aristocratic, and therefore, since we are in France and not in England, reactionary lips. Such a thing as a Society strike would be no joke in fair Lutetia if it were to come about, and latterly I have heard several people discoursing, not of the *fêtes* that they will give this season, but of the means for a collective and absolute avoidance of them. Imagine it! No dances, no receptions, no big dinners in the Faubourg, no theatre parties, none of the hundred and one social methods of killing time which entail a certain luxury and expense, and in consequence an era of dead season for the theatres, the fashionable restaurants, the jewellers, the dressmakers, and hungry days for the many thousands of both sexes who cater for the amusement of the wealthy drones.

Such a strike of the pleasure-seeking classes would be a very real disaster, and admitting, as we must, the deep dissatisfaction with the "government by mob," as the reactionaries call the Bloc, it would by no means be impossible that the Faubourg St. Germain, and the forces it controls, should borrow a leaf out of the honest workman's book, and show their pet aversion, M. Jaurès, what a strike of the upper leisured classes really means.

Sir Thomas Barclay's Quips

And in a natural sequence, I am led from talk of war to talk of peace, not, perhaps, so much from their contrast as from the family likeness which observant years spent in the company of my kind have shown me to exist among the votaries of either. Paris, this week, has been talking a little and laughing a good deal over the interview which Sir Thomas Barclay (ex-president of the British Chamber of Commerce here in Paris, and one of this year's *entente cordiale* knights), granted to a Berlin paper, and in which he stated that a Franco-British scheme of mediation between Russia and Japan was already under discussion between M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne. Sir Thomas, who distinguished

Mr. Herbert Ward, a well-known English sculptor in Paris, in his studio

Mr. Ward has made a speciality of sculpturing members of the coloured races. He is seen working from living models

himself here at a peace banquet, not long since, by explaining to a delighted French audience that the music-hall was the real King of England, is one of the most pugnacious peace advocates whom it has ever been my fortune to meet, but there is no doubt that he has done yeoman service (helped by his dearest enemy, the Baron D'Estournelles de Constant) in the cause of international arbitration. He was, in his younger days, a journalist on the *Times* staff in Paris, and is by profession a solicitor. Besides his recent efforts in the cause of international peace, Sir Thomas is well known as the writer of several books on international law, and of the articles on the same subject in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Temporis."

Queen Amelie of Portugal

The Queen is very popular in Paris. On her last visit there she took a keen interest in the management of the hospitals

The Queen of Portugal

It is curious, considering how well known the King of Portugal is to the man in the street, that Her Majesty Queen Amélie should be comparatively a name and nothing more to Londoners, but, unless I am much mistaken, the wife of Dom Carlos will, by the time these lines appear in print, have become very popular indeed across the Channel. In some ways this gracious Princess of the House of Orleans reminds me of our own Queen Alexandra, like whom she has, since her accession to the throne, and, for that matter, before it, shown deep and practical sympathy with the ailing and unfortunate among her husband's subjects. Queen Amélie—as she is always called, though her real name is Marie-Amélie—was the founder, and is the chief benefactress, of the Lisbon Hospital for Tuberculosis, in which she takes a very active and constant interest. I remember that on a recent visit to her uncle, the Duc de Chartres, she and her cousin, Princess Waldemar of Denmark, spent several hours each day studying the arrangements of the excellent consumptive hospital at Ormesson, and, as all French doctors will tell you, our London hospitals are infinitely better than the Paris ones.

Oh, Fie! M. Bataille

Playgoing Paris is both shocked and delighted at M. Henry Bataille's new play, *Maman Colibri*, which, although built upon the unpleasant foundation of a comparatively elderly woman's unclean love for a young man of the age of her own son, is, by its dramatic force and brilliance of dialogue and of construction, proving the literary and artistic event of the winter season here, a season which has found grounds for disappointment in *L'Escalade*, M. Donnay's "love-measuring" play, at the Rénaissance.

But great though the literary triumph of the author was, the artistic triumph of Madame Berthe Bady, who played the name part, was an even greater one. Madame Bady rose to fame some months ago by her performance of Paula in Count Robert d'Humières' version of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, but most Parisians are experts in things dramatic, and everybody realised that Paula was one of those parts in which even a second-rate actress must necessarily achieve success. In M. Bataille's play, however, Madame Bady had a fearsome task, and she has shown her right to be ranked with the great actresses of the century, the Bernhardts, Ellen Terrys, Duses, and Réjanes, by the way in which she won and wins a hostile audience.

Mme. Berthe Bady

Who has scored a great artistic success in M. Henry Bataille's new play, *Maman Colibri*. Mme. Bady first rose to prominence by her performance of Paula in Count Robert d'Humière's version of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*

Mr. Herbert Ward's Studio

Paris is quite the most international town in Europe (perhaps, if San Francisco be excepted, in the world), so that I was less surprised than I might otherwise have been the other morning at stepping out of a tramcar-laden street into the centre of a mid-African idyll. The idyll, which I have had photographed for THE BYSTANDER, was in the studio of Mr. Herbert Ward, a well-known sculptor here, an Englishman, and one of the prominent members of Stanley's rear-guard, about which so much was said and written some twelve years ago. Mr. Ward has made a speciality of sculpturing negroes and negresses, and has achieved a great success with them in Paris. One of his statues was acquired by a provincial ethnological museum some months ago, and in our illustration he may be seen at work upon the group which he means to send in to the *salon* in the spring.

The Danish Literary Expedition to Greenland

On November 6, Mr. Mylius-Eriksen, the well-known Danish writer and journalist, reached Copenhagen safely, after an absence of more than two years and five months. With him was his faithful fellow-explorer, Mr. Knud Rasmussen, a Danish student, who has been through the whole of the expedition with Mylius-Eriksen. Count Harold Moltka, a Danish painter, who had before visited Greenland, and was of Mr. Eriksen's party, was compelled to leave that country by a steamer some months earlier, having been invalided, through excessive exposure while busy with brush and pencil. The members of the expedition have experienced their full measure of hardships, more so, undoubtedly, than most Arctic explorers, but the three men have more than achieved the ends, adventurous enough in themselves, for which they set out. Their greatest trial was probably the whole year they had to spend with the heathen Polar Esquimaux of the Cape York district, the world's most northerly people, but to this cloud, too, there was a distinctly silver lining, in so much as the enforced protracted stay enabled Moltka to paint a number of highly interesting pictures, representing these savages, of whom the world knew next to nothing. Meanwhile, Mylius-Eriksen, who was the leader of the expedition, and Rasmussen, thoroughly investigated the country, to study the peculiar life and customs of the natives, and to collect a quantity of folk-lore, etc. On many of their sledging and canoeing expeditions, they came to an end of their provisions, and literally had to starve, and their fare during the twelve months they spent at Cape York was such that it almost baffles description, On the whole, they speak very well of the natives, who have treated the white men with the utmost kindness.

Types of the world's most northerly people

The Polar Esquimaux, seen in our illustration, were photographed by Mr. Mylius-Eriksen, the well-known Danish journalist, who, while on his recent expedition to Greenland, was forced, with his companions, to spend a whole year among the Cape York tribe, owing to the stress of the weather

Progress in the German Navy: The magnificent new battleship "Elsass"

The Kaiser is not only the moving spirit of the German land forces, but of late years he has infused the spirit of progress into the Navy. For a country with so small a coast line, Germany already possesses many more battleships than are necessary solely for home defence. The new battleship *Elsass* carries four quick-firing 28 centimetre guns; fourteen 17 centimetre; twelve 8·8 centimetre; and besides other smaller armaments, she carries six submerged torpedo tubes. Her engines develop 16,000 to 17,000 indicated horse-power, and she is capable of doing nineteen knots

Progress in the German Navy

The new battleship *Elsass* (writes our naval correspondent, who supplied us with the accompanying photograph) affords a striking example of the spirit of progress which is animating Germany with regard to matters naval. With a displacement of 13,400 tons, she is much larger than the class of battleship hitherto built for the German Navy. Her armament consists of four quick-firing guns of 28 cm., placed by twos in revolving turrets fore and aft; fourteen quick-loading guns of 17 cm., ten of which have been mounted in an armoured casemate separated by strong, armoured splinter-bulkheads, and the remaining four in revolving turrets; twelve guns of 8·8 cm.; twelve machine-guns of 3·7 cm.; eight machine-guns of 8 mm., and six submerged torpedo-tubes. Above the armour-belt amidships a citadel about 75 metres in length is erected, and above that a casemate of the same length. There is, furthermore, fore and aft, an armoured conning-tower. Her armour plates are made of hardened nickel-steel. The three engines develop together 16,000-17,000 h.-p., capable of propelling the ship at a speed of nineteen knots. After a trial trip from Dantzig to Kiel, which proved most successful, the *Elsass* was immediately accepted by the German Navy. The surveying Naval Receiving Committee expressed great satisfaction at the exquisite construction and precise working of the new battleship.

The new Council-house in Copenhagen

The centre of not only Danish, but northern, literature and art, Copenhagen contains many fine buildings, a Royal Library of over 500,000 volumes, the unrivalled Museum of Northern Antiquities, and the Thorwaldsen Museum, the latter containing the work of the famous sculptor whose name it bears, is the chief pride of Copenhagen. Mr. Mylius-Erikson, an account of whose expedition to Greenland is given on page 508, will shortly leave Copenhagen for London, where he has been invited to lecture by the Royal Geographical Society.

CONCERNING MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD

(NO. 51 OF THE SERIES)

It is ghastly to think how near the world has been to missing "F. C. G." Everything conspired to keep him away from his appointed business in life. Four years of the artist's adolescence were spent in a bank. True, it was a Devonshire bank; and Mr. Gould will uphold it against any man that everything in Devon is better than anything anywhere else. Still, it was a bank, and so far as the future of the sixteen-year-old Gould was concerned, it failed. His present bankers make more out of him now than that Devonian establishment ever did. Having caricatured the manager for four fruitless years, Francis Carruthers Gould was caught in the current running Londonward. The youth of twenty, who came to town for training in a stock-broker's office, must have had his dreams, like others; but the strange position he occupies to-day was beyond anticipation. He may have thought of mammoth operations, of corners, combines, and all the sinful works of "The House"; he may have looked forward to that blissful existence of overlapping week-ends, known only to the successful Stock Exchange man. He can scarcely have looked forward to being the only man of unquestioned power in one of the great Parties in the State.

Twenty years is a long time to be connected with a business for which one was never meant. For more than twenty years F. C. Gould was a member of the London Stock Exchange. But a city that is built upon a hill cannot be hid. While others were broking, Gould would be at his labours with pen and pencil, and much early work of his, circulated privately, is understood to be treasured in the desks of Throgmorton Street. It was during this long servitude in the City that he began to illustrate the Christmas numbers of *Truth*. This was a stern school for the Liberalism of which he is now the most popular preacher, and urbanity was not so marked a feature of his early manner as it is of his *Westminster* work.

Not until he was past forty did F. C. Gould turn finally away from the altars of Mammon and commit himself to art. But it was not too late, by any means. That which is greatest in a man seems able to emerge at almost any time of life. Julius Cæsar (who was a favourite subject of Mr. Gould's schoolboy pencil) never took up conquering until he was about the age at which our subject withdrew the light of his countenance from the Stock Exchange. Admiral Blake did not go to sea until he was fifty; Mr. Chamberlain never suspected that he was a Protectionist until he was well over sixty; and Noah was nearly six hundred when he built the Ark.

"The old *Pall Mall Gazette*," as it has come to be affectionately called—meaning the *Pall Mall* before Mr. Astor—was a mother to Mr. Gould's talents, as to so many other famous men's. He began to work for that great paper about the time of the Parnell Commission, in the exciting days of Mr. Stead's editorship. When, by one of those picturesque movements in the journalistic world which make the profession delightful, the *Pall Mall* staff was bodily transferred to another paper, Mr. Gould followed the rest, and worked for the new *Westminster* for some time as an outside contributor. Then began the mild and beneficent reign of Mr. Spender over that paper, and Mr. Gould was appointed assistant editor. So that it is not only by his cartoons that "F. C. G." contributes to the excellence of the evening journal that all Conservatives, and most Liberals, respect. He works in the office all the morning, and the quality of his shrewd mind and delightful humour permeates the pages.

The reason for the solitary position of Mr. Gould as the only political cartoonist in the country at all worth talking about, is a little hard to hit upon at first. But it may be advanced as, at any rate a plausible explanation, that he is almost the only artist who cares very much about party politics. There are many men who can draw humorously, and can produce excellent likenesses. There are many—hundreds, in fact—who have a greater command than he of the *technique* of drawing, in which he never was instructed. But so surely as a man follows artistic pursuits in this country, so surely does he grow, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, into a political mugwump, declining to have anything to do with the low and debasing business that attracts such minds as Mr. Balfour's, for instance. With Mr. Gould—perhaps because he did not pass through an artist's training—it has never been so. The intensity of his political convictions is positively scorching, and while it is true that the political cartoon has never played so important a part in electioneering as it plays to-day, it is equally true that no political cartoons have anything remotely approaching the same effect on the popular mind as "F. C. G.'s."

One of the peculiar things about English politics is, that quite nice people consider it right to be very rude to one another about them. But Mr. Gould is never rude. His mockery is never offensive, and that makes its pungency all the more formidable. It may be true, as it is alleged, that Mr. Chamberlain—to whom "F. C. G." has specially attended for years—enjoys Mr. Gould's caricatures of him; but he cannot convince himself that they do him any good.

He makes a splendid chairman at any sort of dinner, and people soon lose the idea that he is ferocious. He is a Barnstaple man. He never takes a conveyance when he can walk; he has been a keen volunteer; he knows *Froissart's Chronicles* by heart; and he has a study in Bloomsbury, in which he and his cat are the only things that do not date back to the fourteenth century. For he is only sixty next month.

"F. C. G."

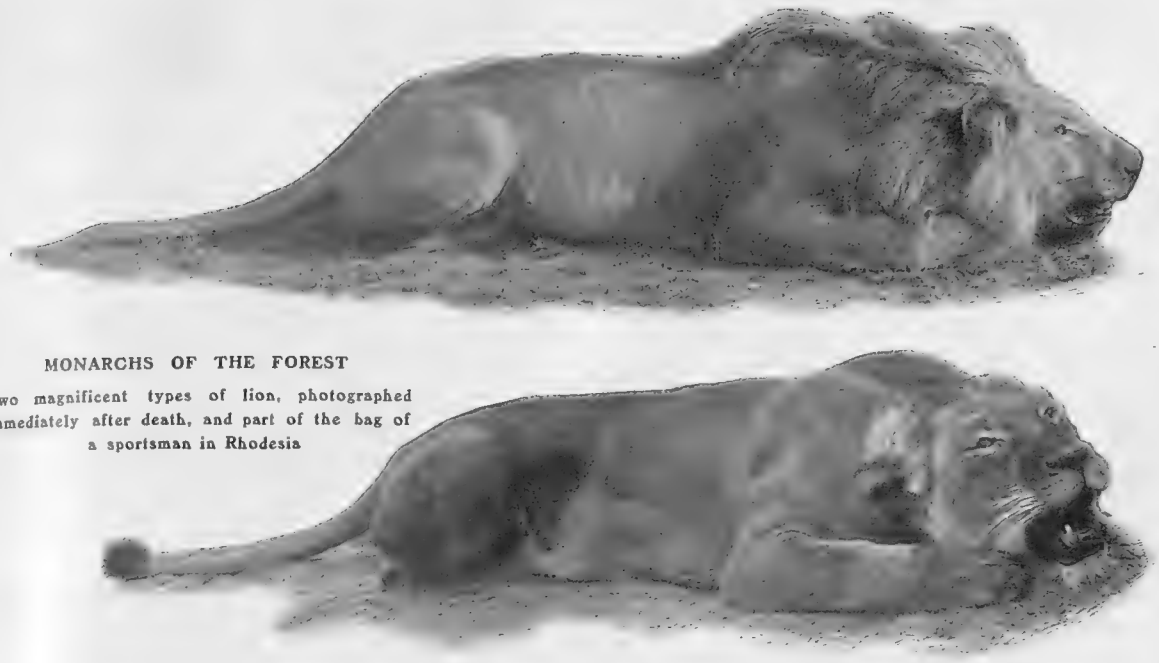
"SPORT DE LUXE"

BIG GAME SHOOTING IN RHODESIA, WITH A SPECIAL TRAIN AND ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

An elephant forms part of the "bag." They are to be found in large quantities in Rhodesia

It is high time that the word "Sport" should be added to that famous old saying about British commerce, which should now read: "Trade and *Sport* follow the British Flag." Mr. Kipling may rave and the pessimists descry decadence, but from Somaliland to Sikkim, and from Borneo to British Columbia, the fact is accepted. The number of big game hunters grows larger every year, owing to the increased facilities with which the sport may be followed, and every year sees the publication of records of hunting expeditions which have followed closely upon the heels of the vanguard of civilisation—the missionary and the trader. Probably no country in the world offers to-day greater facilities or greater attractions to the sportsman than the territory of the British South Africa Company—Rhodesia. In a country so sparsely

A blesbok, a type of big game in Africa, which, though rarely to be found in Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony, is far from extinct in Rhodesia



MONARCHS OF THE FOREST

Two magnificent types of lion, photographed immediately after death, and part of the bag of a sportsman in Rhodesia

populated, and of such enormous extent, it is only natural that there should be many vast districts almost entirely given up to the denizens of the veldt, and affording the most perfect hunting grounds to sportsmen in search of big game.

A few years ago a shooting expedition to Rhodesia was a difficult, sometimes a hazardous, and always a very expensive, undertaking, though, no doubt, after overcoming the obstacles met with in reaching the country, the sportsman was rewarded by a more plentiful supply of game than he might, under ordinary circumstances, have a right to expect since the country has reached its present state of civilisation. In those days, however, it must be remembered that there were no restrictions put upon the shooting of game, which all the year round could be indulged in indiscriminately, not only by Colonial hunters, who made a living out of their wholesale slaughter of game, but by the natives also, who killed large quantities. Also, in the first years of the country's occupation, before railways had been built, and wagon transport was the sole means of carrying up stores to the various townships, shooting "for the pot" was, of necessity resorted to far more than it is to-day. But the present use of railway lines, and consequent abandonment of the old mail roads, renders the game immune from the ravages of the hunter for hundreds of miles on either side of the lines. It is, of course, principally owing to the stringent enforcement of the Game Laws, and the general disarmament of the natives, that big game abounds throughout Rhodesia to-day, and everywhere increases in

Big Game Shooting in Rhodesia: A rhinoceros forms part of the "bag"

"Sport de Luxe" in Rhodesia: Modern

A corner of the day saloon in the special train for sportsmen provided by the British South Africa Company

Nothing in that medley of savagery and civilisation which exists up country in South Africa can be in more striking contrast than the sumptuous saloon of the modern big game hunter and the comfortless Cape wagon of his brother on trek. These modern cars for sportsmen can be hired cheaply for any length of time, and the fortunate ones who are able to hire them, travel whither they please, stay where they please, as long they please, at any watering station or siding, and if they feel so disposed can be provided with meals on board

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Facilities for Big Game Sport

Part of a suite in the private car for the use of sportsmen

Each special saloon car contains suites, comprising: A dining-room, kitchen, bathroom, and bedrooms. They are fitted with electric light and electric fans, the latter being a great help towards a good sleep on hot nights. These cars are often hired by sightseers. As an evidence of the progressive spirit of the British South Africa Company, the introduction of these special cars speaks for itself

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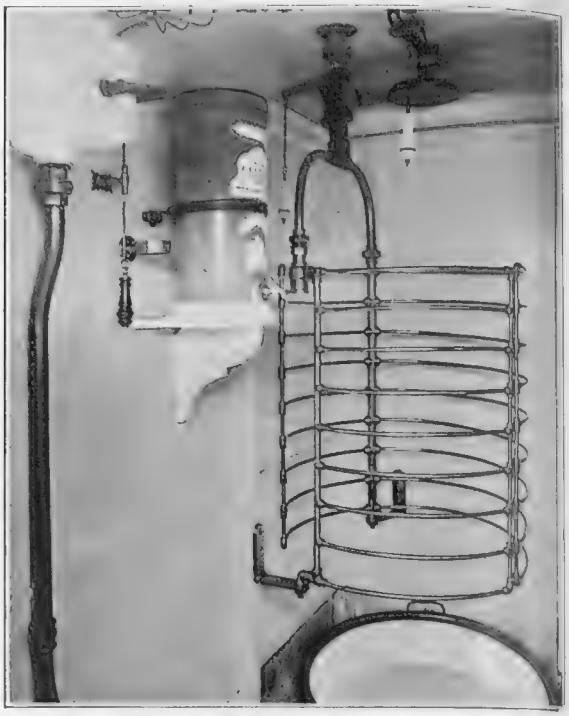
numbers. Luckily, too, there has been practically no disease amongst game for many years, and this of itself has been no small factor towards the increase of large herds.

In Northern Rhodesia especially, big game shooting can be indulged in at the present day at very moderate cost, if sportsmen are prepared to devote sufficient time to it, and do not mind the rough life. Nor is there any likelihood of the game in these regions ever being exterminated, for there are a large number of Government game preserves, and other places such as the Bangweolo marshes, which, although not at present preserved, are so full of many natural obstacles to hunting parties, that few Europeans ever enter them. Elephants breed there, and Eland, Buffalo, Zebra, Tsesebe, Sitatunga, and red and black Lechwe are abundant.

For those whose time is limited, and who are unwilling to undertake a hunting expedition in the old style with a half-a-dozen Cape wagons and a large retinue, the Rhodesia Railways, Ltd., have made a new addition to their rolling stock in the way of special saloon cars. In order to shoot big game, it is no longer necessary to endure the rigours of camp life, and to spend long, restless nights fighting mosquito pests. All this is changed. Each special saloon contains a dining-room, kitchen, bathroom, and bedrooms, as shown in our illustrations on other pages. Those hiring cars of this description are freed from every responsibility, the food being of the best, so all they need to do is to devote all their time to the pursuit of sport. Arrangements are made so that occupiers of these cars may travel wherever they please, stay where they please, and as long as they please, at any station or siding. The following terms are extracted, for the benefit of intending visitors to Rhodesia, from the information supplied by the British South Africa Company, to whom applications for further particulars should be addressed :

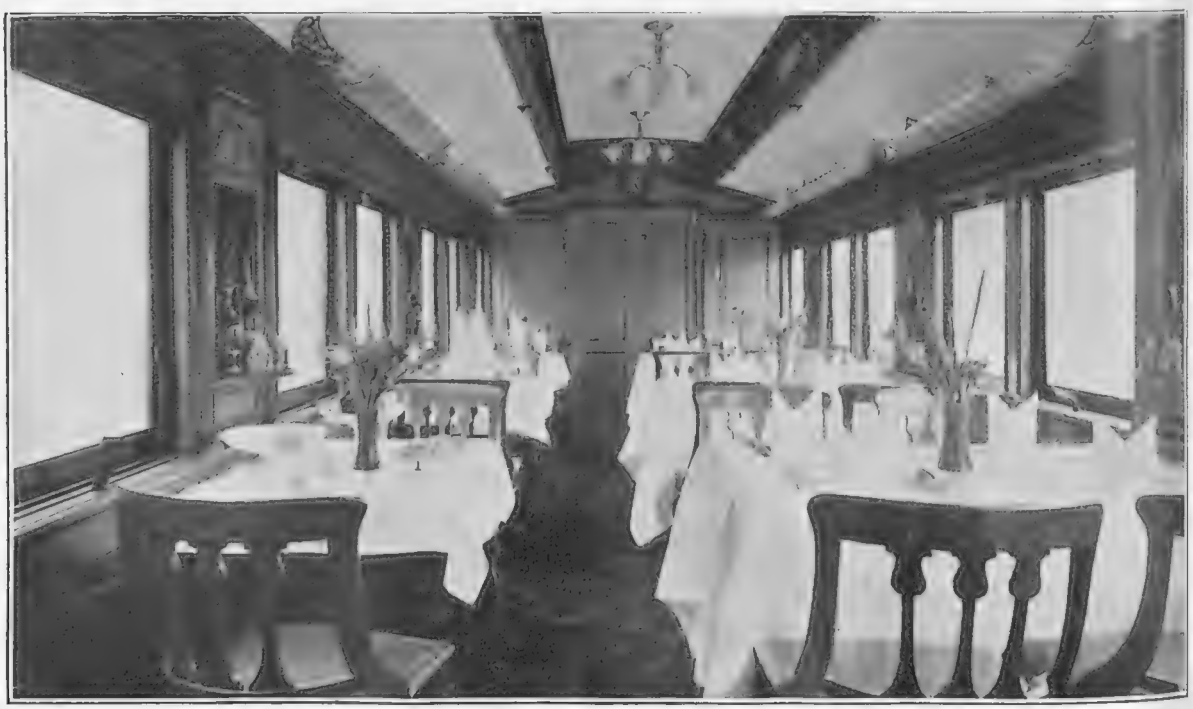


"Sport de Luxe" in Rhodesia: A bathroom in the special train for sportsmen

For four sportsmen (with or without one or two servants), board, lodging, and travel for one month, £360; for five sportsmen (with or without one servant), £360; for six sportsmen (without servant), £360; and £30 for every additional sportsman over that number.

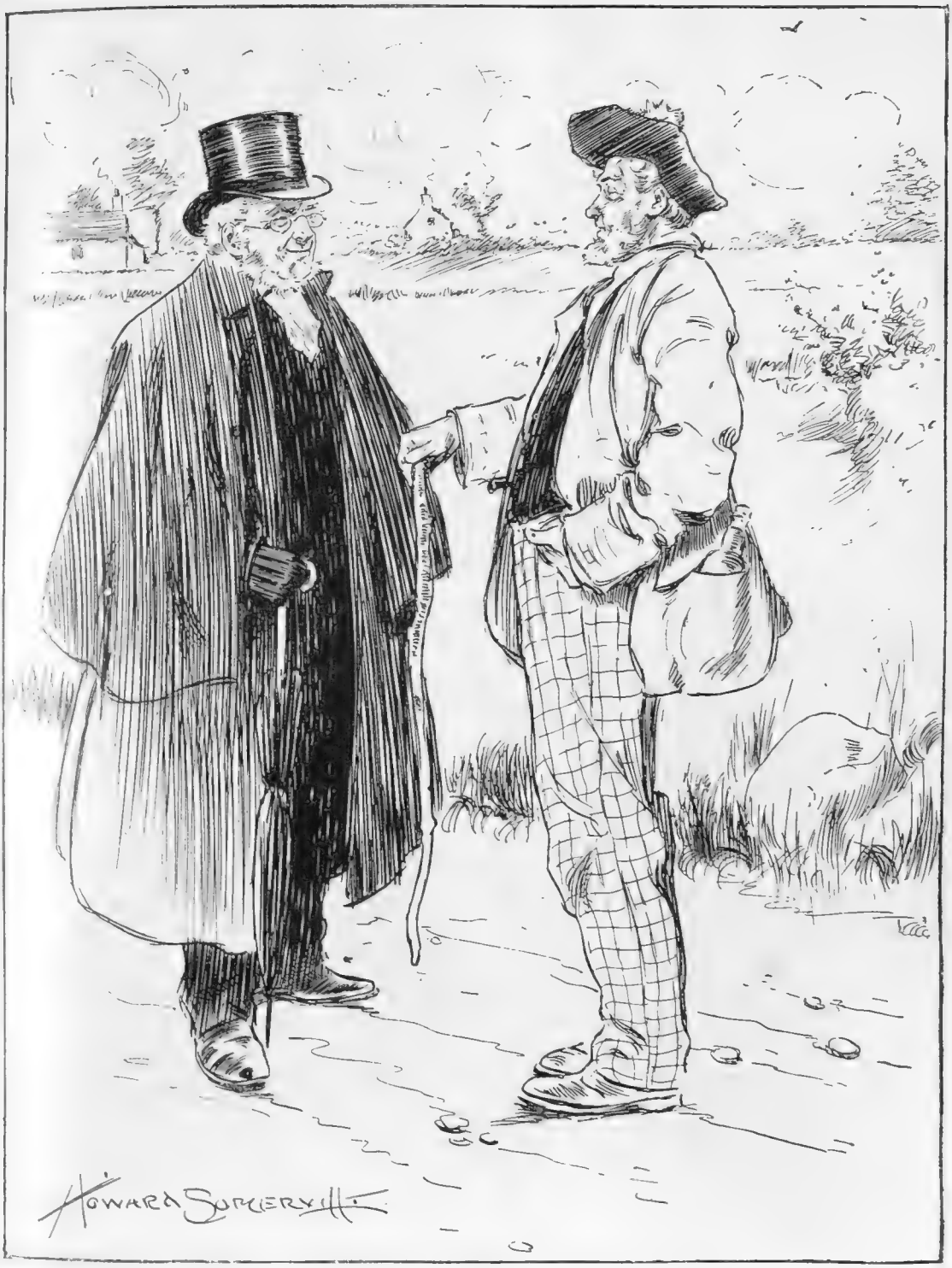
If the party, with or without servants, exceed six in number, the ordinary first-class railway fares will be charged for each additional passenger for the distance travelled over the railway systems of the Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Transvaal, Natal, or Caminho De Ferro De Lourenço Marques, *but not in Rhodesia*

For every mile travelled over every other system than Rhodesia railways and Cape, 1*s.* per mile extra will be charged.



"Sport de Luxe" in Rhodesia: The dining car of a special train for sportsmen

THE DISCRIMINATION OF TAMMAS



THE ELDER: "Aye, Sir, ye'r weel met. I jest want tae discush thish Free Kirk beesiness wi' ye"

THE MEENISTER: "Aye, Tammas, but I think we'll better wait until ye'r sober"

THE ELDER: "Shober! Na, na, Sir. I dinna gie a darn for theeology when I'm shober"

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mdlle. Adeline Genée, the famous dancer at the Empire

Who took the chair at the Victoria Hall, Hotel Cecil, last Sunday, when Mr. H. R. Douglass lectured before the Playgoers' Club on "Audiences from the Artiste's point of view"

OUR SHORT STORY

AN EXILE FROM "GOD'S COUNTRY"

By MORLEY ROBERTS

About '85, if I remember rightly, there was an almighty frost in Florida almost as bad as the one of '94, when the orange trees were killed as far south as India River, and that was why Ben Habersham shifted stakes and came into Painted Rock. It was also the reason why I knew him, and it was the reason that Susy Habersham became acquainted with Samuel I. Weekes, who owned a cattle ranche on the upper waters of Wolf Creek, a saloon at Big Springs, and a store in Painted Rock itself. Habersham was a big, loose-jointed, slop-built Simple Simon, who took to erecting windmills for irrigation, as he had raked up an agency for some new kind of wind fakement, on the strength of which he came West. He worked for himself at first, and then became a partner, so far as windmills were concerned, with Weekes. He fitted up a number of them in the town. One he put up for Ginger Gillett, who had a great notion for flowers and fruit, both hard things to raise in the neighbourhood of Painted Rock. He fixed another for my friend Gedge, the gambler from Georgia, who had a shack outside the city limits with what he delighted to call a "park." It was four acres of dust, sand and alkali, and prairie dogs, and his "vines" were a measly lot of creepers that died at the first south wind, if any survived the March "northers." Habersham called Florida, "God's Country." When a man out West does that you may reckon him a failure. The man who doesn't fail is he who takes enough root for the time to forget the State he came from. That is what Ginger Gillett said and did.

"I don't reckon to palaver none about where I came from," said Ginger, with decision, "nor do I reckon to wail any about what I left behind. There's a complete and finished set of plumb rank failures howling in Painted Rock about this and that State being 'God's Kentry.' They make me sick and tired. 'God's Kentry' is finished, and the State of Texas is still in our hands to work up and put the polish on. But the women is the worst at it. They don't remind me none of the women of "forty-nine" that old-timers tells about. They had grit, and could stand off Injuns. These ladies cayn't stand off a mosquito, and they weep sadly at a centipede. Mis' Habersham's that kind, and cayn't cut a steak without making faces at the j'int she hasks it off of with averted face. The women from 'God's Kentry' ain't fit to raise Texans. They raise too much riot over trifles."

But she was a pretty little woman, and even the fastidious Ginger Gillett lowered his bull voice in her presence, and was exceedingly polite when he met her in Main Street. The cow-boys said she was "a daisy," when they swaggered past her with cropped heads, a tooth-brush in their waistcoat pockets, and a very high opinion of themselves in their little minds.

"There'll be trouble over Mis' Habersham yet," said Keno Gedge, who knew the world, and had a wife who had been pretty enough to bring one man to the grave and two into a hospital before she quietened down in double harness. "She's a danger to this lonely society of bachelors, my son, and you can lay what you like on it. If I was Habersham I'd see she had no sort of conversation with Sam Weekes. Weekes ain't to be trusted with women; you can see that in his eye, if his record didn't prove it."

They said his record did prove it.

"Does Habersham know it?" I asked.

"Habersham don't know nothin'," said Gedge bitterly. "He knows enough about oranges to be froze out of Florida, and enough about windmills to set one up in any park that won't draw water."

Keno Gedge, according to Habersham, believed that a windmill created water in a dry well.

"We ain't on good terms over that dry windmill," said Gedge, "or I'd get Mrs. Gedge to drop him a hint that Weekes is after Mrs. Habersham. He's the only man in Painted Rock that don't see it."

That was true enough, as I found out after a month or so. There was an extraordinary reluctance among the quieter inhabitants of the town to say anything about the matter. It was no one's business but Habersham's, and Habersham was just the man to kill there and then the fool who warned him. Nevertheless, there was talk, and the baser-minded sort soon averred that the talk had a sound basis to go on. There was a strange row about this in the "American Saloon," which was very characteristic of the place and its people, and for the matter of that of the West likewise. It was started by Sibley Ranger from Double Mountain Fork, who used to come into town and fill up beyond any limit of discretion once a fortnight.

"Haow's George Weekes' huntin' progressin'?" he asked Gedge, who was sitting on a bench with Pillsbury.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Gedge, with a danger signal in his voice.

"To you, Keno Gedge," said Ranger, "to bee sure I did. I asked how's Weekes' hunt after the Floridy lady goin' on? Is she caught yet?"

Gedge rose from his seat and walked up to him. He was little, but was as hard as wire, and now he was in a dangerous rage.

"Mr. Ranger," he said, in a voice that had a rasp in it, "do you know that it's admitted on all hands that you're the biggest fool that ever showed up in Painted Rock?"

Ranger's hand was lying on the bar, and Gedge put his on it. Ranger found that alien grip immovable.

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"You ain't for startin' a difficulty with me for sayin' what everyone says?" he asked quietly enough.

"If you say it again there will be trouble," said Gedge, "do you understand me? There'll be serious trouble, and I don't want to hev my business interrupted by being obliged to leave the town till your funeral is forgotten."

Not a soul spoke a word. The bar-tender wiped a glass, put a bottle straight, and stood quietly expectant.

"You talk high," said Ranger.

"I talk down to you," said Gedge.

Ranger showed for once an adequate sense of the situation.

"Well, if you put it that way," he said, "I reckon on I take it back. I'm not in your class as a shot, I own it, and if I was to follow my unreasonable desires and bash you with this tumbler, I know I'd be dead and no use to my dependent relatives. I take it back, Gedge. I'll say no more about it. Set up the drinks, Tom."

And Habersham walked into the saloon just as we all made a move for the bar. No one thought any the worse of Ranger for "taking water." There are ways of doing it, and, fool or none, he did it right.

"Habersham, drink with me and these guests," said Ranger. "Me and Gedge has been arguin', and Gedge hez won, I own it."

"What's the trouble?" asked Habersham, laughing.

"Gedge let on he reckoned me a fool," replied Ranger, "and a leetle discussion ensued. I own I am a fool, and I'll stand nose-paint to prove it. How's windmills going? Is the wind sufficient to send 'em round? I'm thinkin' of havin' one fixed over to my ranche, and I'll grow roses agin' Keno at his park."

That was the end of the trouble. But when talk had got so far, it was bound to go further. And it did. The *élite* of Painted Rock looked shy at Mrs. Habersham, who, apparently, never got as much as a hint upon the scandal. At any rate, she never wilted under the public gaze, and went about as gaily as ever. Gedge talked to me about her, and talked a little gloomily.

"One woman is all I care to understand," he said, "and I own freely, after twenty-five years of matrimony, that Mrs. Gedge is frequent as hard to fathom as Ginger Gillett when he starts bluffin' at poker. He's the best amatoor at kyards in the country, and Pillsbury owns it as I do. For all I know, Mis' Habersham may be bad down to bed-rock, or she may be no more than a pretty fool. There's times I put up one hypotheesis, and there's times I argue from the other. Women are shorely sad enigmas, and apt to cause woe. If Habersham hears any hint of what is spoke of, I've a notion he'll go plumb mad and bring Mr. Weekes' career to a prematoor close. Whether with justice, or without, I ain't just now inclined to state. There are times when the worst views of human nature come natural, and, therefore, I'll wander over to the drug store and get Bailey to quote me a price in pills."

The next day I rode to Snyder, Scurry County, and stayed a week with Chapman, who kept the "Snyder Saloon," and I missed the newer developments of the Habersham story. But I came in for the conclusion, at any rate, for I met Sibley Ranger riding out when I came within ten miles of Painted Rock on my way back.

"Howdy?" said Sibley, and I replied "Howdy" with all the cordiality of the prairie. He pulled up close to me, and our horses put their noses together.

"There's goin' to be trouble over to Painted Rock," said Ranger.

"What trouble?" I asked.

"About Mis' Habersham and Sam Weekes. Some galoot hez bin' fillin' up Ben's mind with suspicions about her, and they say he ain't spoke to a soul this three days. I met him by the Court House, and he was ez white as raw cotton, and was talkin' to himself. When a man does that it's real dangerous: there's trouble afoot, to bee sure. I hankered some to stay and see it out, but I'd fixed to see old Mackenzie over to my place about them steers, and if I missed him he'd be worse to deal with than a rattler. I never did see such a man, plumb locoed he is at times. Gedge is very sore about the Habershams: he's stuck on Mis' Habersham himself, eh?"

I thought Mr. Sibley Ranger was safer at Double Mountain Fork than in town, and said so.

"Waal," I dessay," he drawled, "my tongue's my cross and it'll get me into trouble shore, I own it. But if you hurry up you may see the crisis. The crisis is comin' along, and I ain't a jedge of crisises. There was that look about Ben Habersham which naturally eventuates in the deadly exhibition of a double-pronged catter-gun, or I'm the closest example of high discretion in north-west Texas. So-long!"

I reached town by way of Wolf Creek at sundown, and the first man I saw on the street was Ginger Gillett. The City Marshal looked worried.

"Mr. Gillett, I fear your responsibilities are weighin' on you?" I said, "you are wearing a sad expression this moment. Who's been shot and killed since I saw you?"

"Peace reigns so far," said Gillett, "and there's no such demand for coffins as to raise the price, yet a while."

"I met Sibley Ranger as I came in, Gillett, and he let on there was trouble sticking out a foot in town."

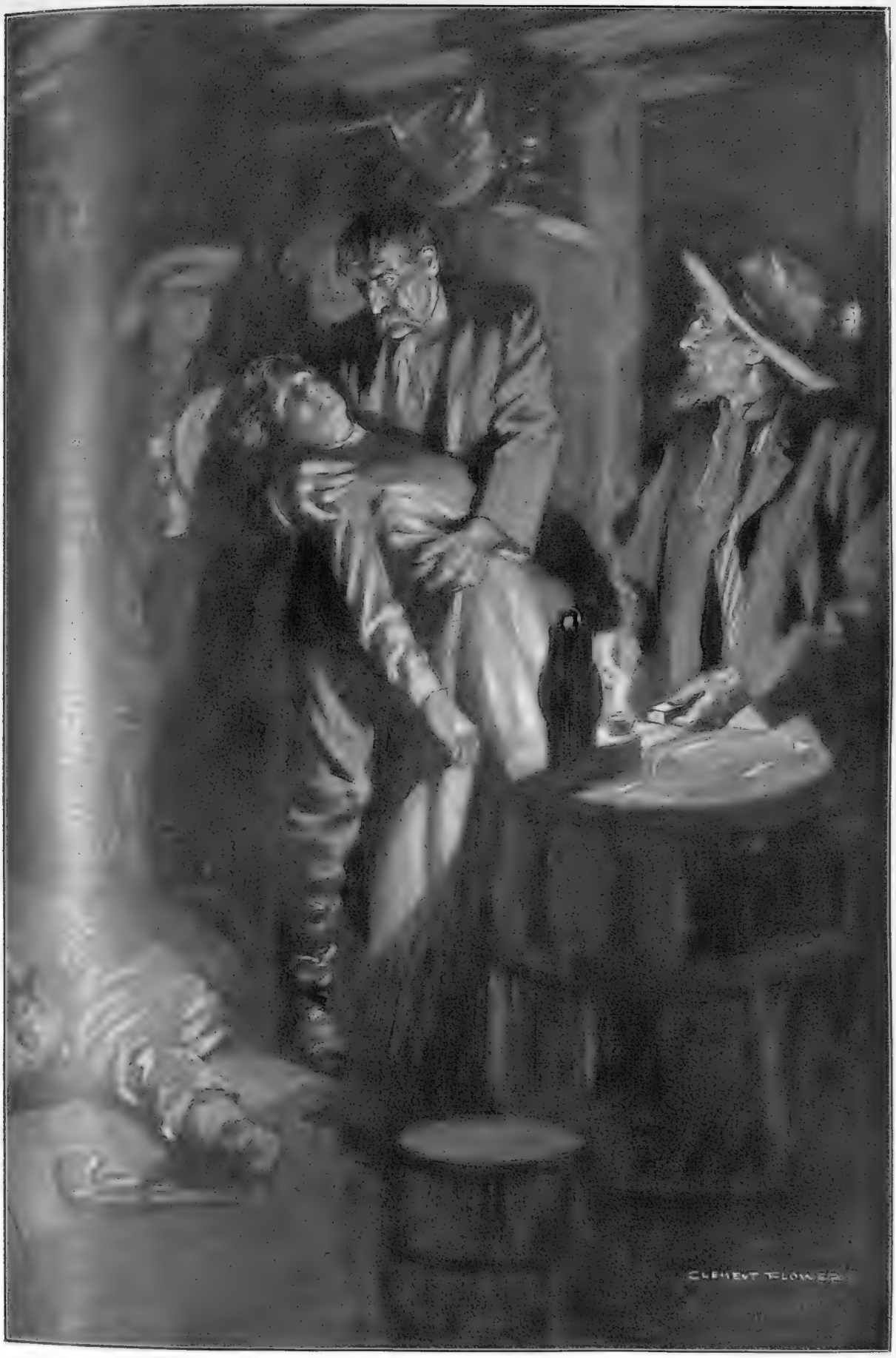
"Damn fool Ranger's right," said Gillett. "It's about Habersham. Some woman hez bin raisin' hell in my town by speakin' to him, and if I could locate her I'd do some talkin'. Poor Ben's mad: he ain't spoke to Mis' Habersham for three days, and he caymps out in the verandy. She kem to me weepin' some, and she let on there'd be killin' if he warn't calmed down. She vows she don't know what's wrong with him, and I jest couldn't tell her; I couldn't!"

"Then you think there's nothing in it?" I asked. I got off my horse and walked towards the busiest part of the town with him.

"Not on her side," said Ginger, scratching his red head, "she's only silly. But Weekes ain't no innocent. Barrin' that I'm reesponsible for the peace of this locality, I'd jest as soon as not attend his funeral. I never had no weakness for him. There's a deal too much of the hundred per cent. usurer about him."

"Does he know he's liable to die suddenly?"

"I told him so," said Gillett, "and so did Smith,



"'Take her away before she comes to, Ben,' said Gillett"

my deputy. He ain't put foot outside his store since the day before yesterday, but otherwise he shows grit, and is tolerable easy, to jedge by appearances."

We came by Weekes' store.

"There he is now," said Gillett. "But the store isn't lighted up. He knows better than to do that."

I touched him on the arm.

"You're thinking more how to save Habersham than Weekes, Ginger."

"To bee sure," said Ginger. "I ain't stuck on Weekes, and I like Ben all right, and I reckon I like Mis' Habersham enough not to want to see her a widow. For the truth is she loves Ben well."

"I think you'd better find an excuse for locking one of them in the calaboose," I said, "or you might pick a quarrel with Weekes and lay him out for a spell."

Ginger Gillett stopped suddenly.

"I say, old man, that's a notion! Derned if I don't think it over. I want peace in Painted Rock. I've my own reputation to think of. Painted Rock says to me, 'Ginger Gillett, give me peace, put down riots and let peaceful citizens live till their time comes.' And I say, 'right, that's my idea when I took the persition of Marshal.' After supper I shall interview Mr. Weekes, for so far Habersham ain't committed any open act of rebellion agin me, and I cayn't arrest him on suspish, not much."

And then we parted, I to go to Hamilton's for my supper, and he to consider how to save his reputation for peace and law and order. It came very nearly being wounded badly in less than two hours.

After supper and a smoke at Hamilton's, I walked across the Plaza and to and fro there for a while, and then strolled into Main Street. Habersham's house was in the outskirts of the town to the north-west, and to get to Weekes' from his place he had to go through Main Street to get to South Street, where the Store was. My luck happened to make me the very first man to see Habersham that night, and when I saw him I was shaken up. He was white and fevered, haggard and strained, and his eyes were like live coals. That might have passed, perhaps, but he carried a shot-gun, and it was notorious that he was one of the few men in the town who never carried a weapon of any kind. He never saw me as I passed, and for a moment I was paralysed. I *knew* that he was going to Weekes' Store, and that if he got there he or Weekes would not survive the meeting. There were men in town who would have said it was none of their business. There were others who would have been glad to see Weekes filled up with lead. I had no liking for him, but I had for Habersham. I called to him suddenly.

"Mr. Habersham!"

He stopped dead, and I walked back to him. If I could only hold him in talk for a minute I might see Ginger Gillett or his deputy on the street. At the worst it would give me a minute or two to think. And in a minute anything might happen.

"What is it?" asked Habersham.

"Oh, by the way," I said. "I've just come down from Sn der, where I was staying with Chapman. He told me he wanted you to put him up a windmill."

This was a lie on the spur of the moment, Chapman cared about nothing but horses and poker, and Ennis Creek gave him all the water he wanted.

"I'm not in windmills any more," said Habersham thickly. "Oh, God! windmills; oh, go to hell!"

He tore his coat away from my hand and went fast, all the faster, perhaps, from my hindering him. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I had not the least desire to get myself into difficulty, and if he saw me run ahead of him he was in the mood to kill me first and Weekes afterwards. Nevertheless, I meant getting to the Store before he did. There was only one way to do it. I ran into the "American Saloon," calling to Gedge as I did so. It is never advisable to run into any gambling saloon in a hurry and without warning. The place was tolerably full, and Gedge was dealing faro.

"Hullo," said Keno, "what's the trouble?"

"Tell Gillett to come to Weekes' place *now*," I cried, and with that I pulled aside the window blind at the end of the room and jumped through the open window and left the crowd buzzing.

Habersham had to walk two hundred yards down Main Street before he got to South Street. By going through the window I had one side of a triangle to his two, and though the open space was dark and littered with empty kerosine and fruit cans I made good time across the big barren lot. I felt sure I was a minute or two ahead of Ben when I came to the Store. I thought as I ran.

"I'll make Weekes lock the door and lie low," I said. "If he won't and kills Ben Habersham it will be against him."

But I prayed that Ginger Gillett would come quickly. This was his business, and he was in his element in dealing with such things. Perhaps I was a fool, and yet I saw poor Mrs. Habersham's face, and remembered her as she was when she sat talking of the fruit and flowers of "God's Country."

I ran into the Store. Ginger Gillett and Smith were there before me! It seemed a miracle at the time, but I knew afterwards that my words to Keno Gedge had had nothing to do with it.

The Store was long and deep, and one dim lamp only lighted it. On one side were dry goods on shelves and stacked on the counter. The other side was filled with hardware, with shining tins, with lamps, and all kinds of household gear. The back part of the Store was in deep shadow. It was full of casks and bales of all sorts. From the tie-beams hung clothes of various kinds, slickers or oil-skins, long boots, and some big cow-hats.

And I knew that Gillett and Weekes were having trouble. Weekes was tall and dark, and wore a beard. Some women said he was a handsome man. Men, as a rule, did not like him. Gillett had owned to having no love for him.

"You've brought it on yourself," said Gillett angrily, "and I'll have you know I'm City Marshal."

"Go to hell," replied Weekes, "you can't drive me, and you being Marshal don't faze me worth a cent. If Habersham shows his nose here I'll kill him."

I heard that as I came in.

"Habersham's coming here with a shot-gun," I cried. We heard steps even then, and I saw Weekes pull a six-shooter from his hip-pocket. With his left hand he made a motion to knock the lamp over. What happened then was so sudden and so amazing

that I fell back. Before the lamp fell I saw Smith, Gillett's deputy, shift his "gun" so that he held the barrel, and he struck Weekes a heavy blow upon the head with the stock. He fell heavily, and at that moment there was a shot, by whom fired I could not tell. And then Habersham appeared at the entrance. The lamp had had little oil in it, but it blazed upon the floor, and by its flames, before Gillett threw a slicker on them and trod them out, I saw Weekes lying on his back with a great red splash upon his face. Then there was darkness.

"My God," said Habersham. He, too, had seen what I saw. I saw Habersham's figure waver against the outer light of the stars.

"I meant to kill him," he said, in a dreadful whisper, "and who's done it?"

"I have," said Gillett.

I sat down on a keg by the hardware counter, and as I did so Gillett lighted a match and another lamp. Then I heard quick light footsteps outside, and Mrs. Habersham came running. She saw no one but Gillett, and he had his back turned. She thought he was Weekes. I knew she thought so, and was in dread what she would say. She did not see Habersham. If she spoke a word that tallied with the slanders of the town he would kill her. But she cried——

"Mr. Weekes, oh, sir——"

And then she fainted dead away in her husband's arms. These words had saved her, and saved him, and in her state of madness they came, I felt, like cooling waters. For they expressed the truth of her innocence if they said nothing as to the blamelessness of the man whose body lay stretched upon the floor.

"Good, God!" said Ben Habersham. "Good God!"

He dropped his gun and held the poor woman in his arms

"Take her away before she comes to, Ben," said Gillett. And Habersham carried her outside. I followed him and helped him with her. But suddenly he said—

"Don't touch her!"

He picked her up in his arms like a baby and almost ran up the solitary road. I wondered that there was no one about. They must have come to the conclusion at the "American Saloon" that I was crazy and not to be taken notice of. I walked back into the Store, I couldn't understand how it was that Weekes was dead. I had seen Smith strike him with the butt of his gun. Who had fired the shot?

Gillett was sitting on the dry goods' counter swinging his heels and whistling!

"That was well played," said Gillett, coolly. "There will be peace in Painted Rock this night."

Smith annexed a quarter cigar from a box, and salved his conscience by dropping in a nickel.

"Who killed Weekes?" I asked.

"Nobody killed him," said Gillett scornfully. "I thought you tumbled to the racket. He ain't dead. Smith downed him with the butt, and I pulled off to give it reality."

Weekes groaned.

"Call that dead, eh?" asked Gillett callously.

"But I saw a thundering lot of blood," I said. "I'm sure I did."

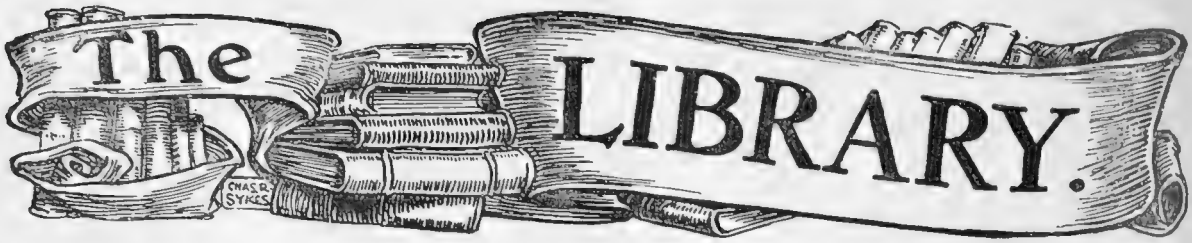
"Tomayto ketchup only," said Ginger Gillett. "I like finish. Tomayto ketchup, nothing more!"

Weekes sat up. He looked horrid.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

The Sailor Postman of Loch Etive, Argyllshire

John McNicol, aged 56, the postman seen in our illustration, leads a rather adventurous life. His postal district includes the houses on the shores of Loch Etive, which stretches eight miles in one direction from his starting point the town of Taynuilt—and nine miles in another direction. No road exists, only a mere track, often difficult to trace, bordering the Loch. Some years ago, the Loch-side proprietors bought a boat for the use of the postman serving them, as it was quite impossible for the parcels, which sometimes weighed over a hundred-weight, to be delivered. In stormy weather, the Loch is far too rough for the boat to be used, and Mr. McNicol is sometimes unable to complete his round in the twenty-four hours. His salary for this somewhat arduous post is £1 2s. 3d. a week, out of which he has to pay ferry-money



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Fifty Years of Public Service." By Major Arthur Griffiths. (Cassell and Co.: 18*s.* net.)

"Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century." By A. Barbeau, with an introduction by Austin Dobson. Illustrated. (Heinemann: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"For Greater Britain." By C. Whitworth Wynne. Poetry. (Gay and Bird: 1*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Russo-Japanese War: From the Outbreak of Hostilities to the Evacuation of Liao-Yang." By T. Cowen, one of the Correspondents with the Japanese Army. Illustrated. (Arnold: 15*s.* net.)

"With Kuroki in Manchuria." By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Campaign with Kuropatkin." By Douglas Story. Illustrated. (Werner Laurie: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

[The three volumes mentioned above are the first books yet published on the War in the Far East, and are from both sides of the battlefields.]

NEW NOVELS

"Julia." By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson). (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"By What Authority." By Robert Benson. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"The Sea Wolf." By Jack London. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"The Isles of Sunset." By A. C. Benson. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"Baccarat." By Frank Danby. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"The Specialist." By A. M. Irvine. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Atoms of Empire." By Cutcliffe Hyne. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

The Isles of Sunset
By Arthur Christopher Benson
(Isbister and Co.: 6s.)

Mr. Arthur Benson has won distinction in many fields, and not the least of his successes is in that of the delicate romance, which caused "The Hill of Trouble" to be welcomed as something new and rare, although the way had already been shown in some of the shorter tales by the author of "John Inglesant." The six stories which make up this volume are fascinating studies in the craft of words. A short passage may be quoted from the last of them, "Paul, the Minstrel," both as an example of the author's fine sense of the dignity of words and of his own skill in using them:

> Then, too, Paul learned the magic of words, the melodious accent of letters, sometimes so sweet, sometimes so harsh; then the growing phrase, the word that beckons, as it were, other words to join it trippingly; the thought that draws the blood to the brain, and sets the heart beating swiftly—he learned the words that sound like far-off bells, or that wake a gentle echo in the spirit, the words that burn into the heart, and make the hearer ashamed of all that is hard and low. But he learned, too, that the craftsman in words must not build up his song word by word, as a man fetches bricks to make a wall; but that he must see the whole thought clear first, in a kind of divine flash, so that when he turns for words to write it, he finds them piled to his hand.

But it is not only in delicate word and phrase-building that Mr. Benson excels. Each of these six stories is complete and beautiful, tender, spiritual, and sincere. There is something allegorical in all of them, some thought that stands out clearly when the end has been reached, and grips the mind and the memory. Here is skill in the manipulation of a story, a high thought made clear by beautiful language. What more can one say in praise of a fine book?

Baccarat
By Frank Danby
(Heinemann: 6s.)

The clever author of "Pigs in Clover" has chosen a difficult theme for her second experiment in fiction, but she has carried out her idea with striking success, and produced a novel remarkable for its power and insight. The story tells of the married life of a young provincial lawyer, slow of speech, and, perhaps, of mind, but with unplumbed depths of loyalty and strength in his nature. His wife is the daughter of an aristocratic French gambler, but her father and mother are both dead, and, married straight out of her convent, she has lived, during the nine years of her married life, shielded from all knowledge of evil, brightening her home with the grace and charm of her nature, and devoted to her stolid English husband. She goes, with her children, to a French watering-place, while her husband is left behind for a time, and, in her loneliness, is attracted to the gaming-tables, where the gambling fever that is in her blood, although she does not know it, breaks out. In the disaster which follows, she gets into the power of a rascally Belgian gambler, who forces her to elope with him. Her husband follows, and rescues her, and the rest of the story deals with their relation to one another in the months which come after. The struggle which is described raging in the husband's mind, is worked out with amazing force and insight, and the character of the wife, far more shaken, but good and true in the main, is developed with an equal grasp. *Baccarat*

is a genuine novel of emotion which very few writers in this country could equal, and, in spite of the difficult matters with which it deals, there is nothing in it that could shock any but the prurient-minded.

Fifty Years of Public Service
By Major Arthur Griffiths
(Cassell and Co.: 18s. net)

It is an attractive face that looks out upon the world from the frontispiece of Major Arthur Griffiths's volume of reminiscences, and it is an attractive personality that exhibits itself in the course of the following narrative — that of a man of courage, humanity, and perseverance, a hard worker, ready to throw himself into anything that is given him to do, and, if that is not enough to fill his time, to find something else for himself and work hard at that too. Major Griffiths is best known for his public services in connection with prisons and prisoners, and it is not too much to say that those parts of his book which deal with his own special subject could hardly be equalled for interest by any other man now living. They possess the supreme interest of truth, which is greater than the interest of sensation-mongering. But throughout a long and busy life the author has seen and done much that has no connection with his work among criminals, and the chapters he devotes to these experiences are no less interesting than the others. His military career started at the early age of sixteen, and included the Crimean War. It was brought to an end at Gibraltar fifteen or sixteen years later, when he entered upon the service from which he only retired a short time ago. The reader of the Major's cheery pages will find episodes and anecdotes in plenty to amuse him, and he will find besides much that is worth reading on the subject of the reform of prisons and prisoners from a man who knows what he is talking about, has clear ideas of his own, and deserves to be listened to.

The Specialist
By A. M. Irvine
(John Lane: 6s.)

Probably *The Specialist* owes something to the example of "Ships that Pass in the Night." It deals with the same sort of characters, all of them either under treatment by an eminent physician noted for his marvellous cures, or else bound by close ties to the dying or recovering invalids. The struggle, or series of struggles, between the great forces of Death and Love are pictured with considerable power, and the character of the great Specialist himself, wedded to science, but unexpectedly human too, is well portrayed. The book is written in excellent style, and the story it tells will hold the reader's attention to the end.

With Kuroki in Manchuria
By Frederick Palmer
(Methuen and Co.: 7s. 6d. net)

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, claims to be the first writer in the field to present us with a history of the Russo-Japan War. His book, *With Kuroki in Manchuria*, gives a very lively account of the operations with which we are, most of us, familiar now. It is extremely interesting and illustrated with unique photographs.

Books to Appear Shortly

The British Mission to Lhasa, it seems, was only the fulfilment of a prophecy written in a Tibetan almanac long before the Expedition was talked of. "In the year of the Wood Dragon [1904 A.D.]," says this remarkable forecast, "the first part of the year protects the young king; [then] there is a great coming forward of bunches of robbers, quarrelling and fighting, full many enemies, troublous griefs by weapons and such-like will arise, the king, father, and son will be fighting. At the end of the year a conciliatory speaker will vanquish the war." The prophecy is quoted in an account of the British Mission by Lieut.-Colonel L. A. Waddell, chief medical officer with the Expedition, whose narrative will be published by Mr. Murray under the title of *Lhasa and its Grand Lama Unveiled*. It is a mystery how the astrologers of Tibet were able to predict this "troublous grief" so long before it happened, and to specify that it should occur in this very year of the ill-starred Wood Dragon. "In this forecast of the future," writes Lieut.-Colonel Waddell, in his forthcoming work, "how much was only clever guess work, or was revealed by observation of the planets and stars, or inspired by occult Lama seers, or 'Mahatmas,' I leave to those readers interested in ancient superstitions so decide for themselves."

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, who has written a book of *Reminiscences of Peace and War*, which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing, is the wife of a New York lawyer, who, at the time of the American Civil War, was a General in the Confederate Army. Roger Pryor was a regular fire-eater in those days, and his violent speeches in Congress led to several duels. One of the opponents who challenged him chose bowie knives for the meeting, but Pryor's seconds very properly refused to allow him to fight with weapons which they pronounced barbarous. The challenge created great sensation in the States at the time, and the Press of both sides was full of characteristic comments on the two principals. It is to Pryor's credit that, after the surrender of the Southern Armies, he was one of the first to urge upon his comrades the adoption of a policy of acquiescence and loyalty to the Government.

The Rev. Compton Reade, the nephew and biographer of Charles Reade, has edited a volume of *Memorials of Old Herefordshire*, which Messrs. Bemrose will publish next month. Mr. Compton Reade, who has been a rector in Herefordshire for about seventeen years, has himself contributed a chapter on the Mansions of the County, and the varying phases of its history and topography are dealt with by other authorities on the spot. The Dean of Hereford, for instance, has a chapter on the Cathedral; and Dr. Cummings, the Prior of Belmont Cathedral, describes the martyrdom of Fathers Cadwallader and Kemble. In this last chapter the Prior may have something fresh to say on the tradition that Father Kemble smoked a pipe on the way to his execution, which took place near Hereford in 1679. A relic of this martyr-priest, in the shape of one of his hands, is kept in the sacristy at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Hereford, while a piece of linen, dipped in his blood, is still preserved at Downside.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

An Unique "Shakespeare"

All bookish people must be interested in Mr. A. H. Bullen's new enterprise; nothing less than a complete edition of Shakespeare's works printed, bound, and published at Stratford-on-Avon. There are so-called literary men who, working daily with books, have not the slightest affection for the volumes they handle, and think nothing of "tearin' the tripes out av a book" (to quote Dinah Shad's expressive phrase), if that will help them to turn out their journalistic "copy" more quickly. For them, and such other soulless mortals, there can be no magic in the work Mr. Bullen has taken up; but the true book-lover will have a greedy eye on this new "Shakespeare," and, if his funds will run to ten pounds, he may secure a set. The house in which the production of the new edition is being carried on was originally inhabited by a friend of the poet's. Mr. Bullen may be depended upon to see his unique undertaking through without arousing the ire of Miss Corelli, for his good taste is unquestionable.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes
Author of "The Heart of Penelope"
From a Painting by Edward Hughes

Rural Publishing

It was the fad of Ruskin that his own books should be produced in the country, and when Mr. George Allen first associated himself with the great author, business was begun at Orpington, in Kent, where Mr. Allen still lives, and where immense quantities of Ruskin's books are still stored. "Fors Clavigera," and other works, were originally printed and published there, but as the business grew it was found impossible to continue it away from London. The belief that the works of the master are still printed at Orpington has actually brought American tourists to the village in recent years, with the request that Mr. Allen might show them the printing office. I take it that Mr. Bullen will not carry on the Shakespeare Head Press, at Stratford, after he has achieved his present undertaking. He is that *rara avis* among publishers, a scholar, and a genuine bookman, and has done much excellent work in editing the Elizabethan poets and dramatists. Mr. Bullen is an American, resembling Mark Twain in his keen, alert features, and even more so in his voice and manner. He first began publishing in London in conjunction with Mr. Lawrence, their most notable venture being "Ships that Pass in the Night." For some years he has been carrying on business in his own name in Great Russell Street. I fancy that his connection is chiefly with America. It would astonish my readers if I were to tell them how vast a business is done in London by supplying expensive new and second-hand books to wealthy collectors on "the other side."

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

The other week I gave a portrait of that brilliant young writer, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and to-day I have much pleasure in adding to my gallery of literary notabilities one of his gifted sister, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, who has just made her first hit with a work of fiction: a novel entitled, "The Heart of Penelope," which is being very favourably reviewed at present. "I am now giving myself up to story-work, which is what I have always longed to do," said Mrs. Lowndes to me the other day. I wonder how many miscellaneous writers would be glad to say the same thing! On every hand I meet authors who sigh for the life of the novelist. Certainly ficton is by far the most lucrative branch of authorship to-day. Not only does success therein mean more money, but also more reputation. One successful novel will give its writer a better standing in the literary world than years of useful and honourable work in any other department of letters. Mrs. Lowndes has already done a vast amount of literary journalism, and it used to be that one could not open a magazine without alighting upon an article signed "Marie Belloc." The daughter of a distinguished French barrister, Mrs. Lowndes, who is English on her mother's side, has an intimate knowledge of France, and has written a great deal about our neighbours across the Channel. Five years ago she produced a veritable *tour de force* in the shape of "a novel in

dialogue," entitled "The Philosophy of the Marquise," and now she is busy on another long novel and a children's story, which last has its scene laid in France. Mrs. Lowndes is well-known in literary society, and her husband, Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes, M.A., is a distinguished member of the *Times* literary staff.

Mr. G. B. Burgin

Of the French under the Union Jack, Mr. G. B. Burgin probably knows more than any of our novelists, save Sir Gilbert Parker. How many charming stories he has given us of life in French Canada, and none better than his latest, I incline to think; for "The Hermit of Bonneville" is one of Mr. Burgin's finest books. One of the most active men in Fleet Street, bobbing up everywhere in a way that suggests he has discovered the secret of being in two places at once, Mr. Burgin's trim and dapper figure would not lead you to think that he is well within sight of the fifties. And it is only ten years since he began book-writing with a collection of diverting tales, "His Lordship and Others," in the Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour, in which series Mr. Barry Pain's first book also appeared. Mr. Burgin was for a time private secretary to Baker Pasha, and, later when he took up journalism he assisted Mr. Jerome K. Jerome for some years. He is one of the little company of literary workers who have made their homes on the breezy "Northern Heights" of London.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. G. B. Burgin

Whose latest novel, "The Hermit of Bonneville," treats of life among the French-Canadians

Everyone His Own Interviewer

Here is an interesting and true story. A book is about to appear, containing interviews with a number of famous people. Books made up of interviews have never succeeded, and I am pretty certain this one will not make a stir. Yet if its author were free to state that one of the most celebrated of his subjects (a lady) had relieved him of the trouble of writing her interview by doing it herself, there might be many buyers for his book. The lady in question is so anxious any information about her should be authentic, that she graciously adopted this course, and she points out in the article about herself, that her hair is not of the colour popularly attributed to it, but is of a much rarer kind. More than this I may not disclose, but the fact indicates (if you had never guessed it before, my guileless friend) that even celebrated lady novelists are not without the vanities of their sex. Indeed, I have heard of vain men who wrote novels.

Rosebery on Scott

Where on earth has Lord Rosebery been living these last twenty years that he could have given utterance to so patent a misstatement of fact as he is credited with at Kingston the other day? "No body of people of his age read 'Ivanhoe,' or any other of Scott's novels. Henty and the like, so he was informed, had superseded Scott." I can only suggest that his informant was a person who had escaped from a strait jacket. With no very exalted opinion of the taste of the general reading public to-day, I, for one, cannot let it rest under so gross an insult as is conveyed by that astounding remark. Picture grown men reading the rather sloppy boys' books of the late George Henty in preference to "Ivanhoe," and the like! I shall venture the suggestion that there are not a dozen men in Great Britain this day reading a line by Henty, while if we could peep into the homes of the people we should find many thousands deep in the glorious romances of Scott. Better; any bookseller will tell you that there are more copies of "Ivanhoe" sold in any one year than of all Henty's works put together. Allow the reading public some lingering gleams of sanity, my lord, I pray you!

Plain Talk to Mr. Zangwill

A bit of plain talk is at times a wholesome thing for our popular writers. There is an excellent example in the current number of the American *Bookman*. Mr. Zangwill is the subject, and his new play, *The Serio-Comic Governess*, the occasion. Says his critic:

> The success of *Merely Mary Ann* has evidently decided Mr. Zangwill to shake off all intellectual scruples, and aim only at immediate popularity. In *Merely Mary Ann* there were few traces of the talent which he has revealed in his books. In *The Serio-Comic Governess* there is not the remotest suggestion of it. . . . Mr. Zangwill's popular success on the stage is purely mercantile. He has sacrificed to it all the standards that he upheld in his lectures on the theatre, and suppressed all the qualities that distinguished his books.

I am sorry to hear this, and unwilling to believe it, as Mr. Zangwill is, to my mind, one of our few real artists in fiction. But "the theatre is the gold-mine," and I suppose the miners have to condescend to the tricks of the trade if they would fill their pockets. I went to see *The Admirable Crichton* once, and came away sad to think that an author capable of such a literary masterpiece as "A Window in Thrums" could make the groundlings giggle with the pantomime of that play.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Old Course at St. Andrews

There has been a great outcry lately about the old course at St. Andrews, and there has been a great deal of correspondence in the golfing papers on the subject. The general trend of opinion among those who write is, that the course is now too easy, and that something must be done to render it more difficult and more worthy of its fame as the premier course of the world. I have not been at St. Andrews since the Amateur Championship of 1901, which preceded the advent of the Haskell ball, and I am not, therefore, able to say how far the new ball has altered the conditions of golf on the old course. But as this same outcry was raised some seven years ago, long before the Haskell ball was "cored" or thought of, I take it that the conditions have not altered so greatly as to preclude me from giving an opinion founded on a pretty intimate and extensive acquaintance with that beautiful course. The grumbling which arose seven years ago had a certain amount of justification, for the making of the new course had undoubtedly widened the old one, and made it easier, through the extirpation of a vast quantity of the whins bounding the course on the right hand as one goes out. Even then, I stoutly objected to the proposed cutting of new bunkers to take the place of the whins, as I felt that there were bunkers enough already to satisfy the most ardent lover of sand delving, and that the course was, in its natural features, so lovely that artificial interference with it might easily be disastrous. The additional bunkers were, however, cut to take the place of the absent whins, and catch sliced balls. These bunkers have, evidently, not satisfied the lovers of the arduous, for, at the last meeting, it was proposed that the course should in future be always the medal or right-hand one, and that additional bunkers should be cut to suit it. This proposal was amended so as to empower a committee to report to the Spring Meeting next year what extra bunkers should be cut.

"Save Me from My Friends"

So, for a brief space, the poor old course is safe from interference, while various experts are pronouncing their opinions as to what should be done to increase its difficulties. I can imagine that if the old course could be endowed with life and a voice it would cry out, "Save me from my friends." One expert suggests a continuous bunker all the way out on the right. A more grotesque and horrible proposal I cannot conceive. Another suggestion is to allow the grass to grow long on the right-hand side between the two courses, and this idea strikes me as only a little less horrible than that of the continuous bunker. Why in the world cannot well be let alone? The course is quite sufficiently difficult. It abounds in hazards, and is, by common consent among all the great players, one of the finest tests of golf in existence. This mania for lengthening and making more difficult all our courses will, unless it is checked, make our golf links an arena for the display of a few select players only, and will rob of their enjoyment the vast majority of golfers. In the case of St. Andrews, it will render congestion worse congested in the summer, for the poorer players will be constantly getting into the new hazards, and will block the course worse than ever. This outcry has arisen in great measure from the erroneous idea that the Haskell ball has altered all the conditions of golf. I beg leave to differ most emphatically on the point, and to state that the reduction in scores is far more attributable to the betterment of greens and fair way than to anything else. The constant addition of bunkers is another stage in the endeavour to eliminate from the game the element of chance and luck, which constitutes one of its most attractive features. A player of this school considers himself positively aggrieved if his adversary, after a wild shot, makes a fine recovery, while the occurrence of a stymie reduces him to tears of impotent rage. I trust, therefore, that both the proposal for stereotyping the old course at St. Andrews and making the right-hand course the only one, and the concomitant suggestion for additional bunkers in consequence, will be defeated at the next meeting.

Oxford University Golf Club *v.* Mr. J. Graham's Team

Nothing rejoices my heart more than the record of the frequent matches between the Oxford and Cambridge teams and other clubs, and strong scratch teams, which shows that the two golf clubs at the 'Varsities are in strong and flourishing circumstances. In this age of pot-hunting, of record breaking, and of infinite and wearisome score play for medals, it is refreshing to note that the annual match between the two Universities gives occasion for a great deal of match play previous to that admirable contest. It gives me great pleasure, therefore, to write a few lines in appreciation of an admirable performance recently achieved by the Oxford team. They met and defeated an extremely strong team, captained by the redoubtable Mr. "Jock" Graham, whose brother (Mr. A. J. Graham) is captain this year of Oxford. A fratricidal contest was avoided by means of Mr. A. J. Graham resigning the leading place, and delegating to Mr. Grundy the arduous task of defending the honour of the 'Varsity against Mr. "Jock" Graham. Nobly did Mr. Grundy rise to the height of the argument, for, after having all the worst of the exchanges at the outset, he managed to halve the match with his formidable opponent. Mr. A. J. Graham beat Mr. Falk,

and the tail of the Oxford contingent wagged so effectively that five out of the last six matches resulted in wins for Oxford. ERNEST LEHMANN.

GOLF IN JAPAN

The Links at Kobe

On the top of the Rokkasan Hills, 3,000 feet above Kobe, one looks down from the verandah of a golf club to the Bay of Osaka, and across valleys and pine-covered gorges to the beautiful in'and sea. A little more than a year ago a group of some three score and ten Europeans—bankers, merchants, and their wives—wended their way there to watch His Excellency Governor Hattori drive off the first golf ball used in Japan. To-day, thanks to the initiative and energy of Mr. A. H. Groom (who has lived in the country for thirty-five years), a course of eighteen holes has been laid out, and we find one of the most sporting and picturesque links in the world. One drives over valleys of azalea bushes and sandy mounds on to smoothly rolled "greens," made with the greatest difficulty by clearing and uprooting the undergrowth. Here and there are small square ponds of water, hence the name of one hole, "The Ponds Asinorum," and bunkers of every sort. In the summer, numbers of the residents live at Rokkasan, which has become a hill station, but the club is open until the end of November. From June to September the links are well patronised, and the Japanese caddies cluster round the first tee waiting for bags of clubs as big as themselves. In the spring and autumn, many a hard-worked business man finds his way to Rokkasan, either on foot or in a basket chair carried by coolies. There are club chambers built near the links, and here members can stay—enjoying a cocktail and a warm bath after the walk up on Saturday—and a *recherché* little dinner served by a dainty Japanese lady in a picturesque kimono. Mr. Groom, the secretary, has arranged everything for one's comfort, and visitors are always welcomed. The rooms are built like those in a Japanese house, and every one has a bath. There is a dining-room and reading-room. In the early morning, soon after the sun rises, the shutters are gently drawn aside, and the sun forces its way through the bamboo *shoja* and falls in golden rays like spun silk upon the wooden floor. Then one sees the colours so remarkable in this country, and after an English breakfast the day's sport commences.

The Kobe Links: Mr. E. H. Moss (Hongkong and Shanghai Bank) driving from the second green

The illustration gives the view looking down on Kobe Harbour and the inland sea

Kobe Golf Club Course: The eighteenth green

The members distinguished in the illustration by numbers are—Messrs. H. Westerveld and E. A. Gill (1, 2), members of the committee; G. Millward (3), Captain; and A. H. Groom (4), Hon. Sec.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

A Veteran M.F.H.

By the death of Mr. Merthyr Guest the hunting world loses one of its most ardent patrons, and though Dorsetshire has bred many good sportsmen, it is doubtful whether a more genuine lover of fox-hunting has ever existed than the late Master of the Blackmore Vale. Mr. Guest was the second son of the late Sir John Guest, of Dowlais, South Wales, and was born in 1838. When quite a young man, he made Dorset his home, but it was not till 1884 that the resignation of Sir Richard Glyn caused him to come forward as Master of the pack with which his name will ever be identified. For sixteen years he conducted the Hunt with vigour and success, adding to the normal four days a week two extra fixtures, when he hunted his own private pack himself, the whole establishment being kept up at his sole expense. Needless to say, his retirement from office in 1900 was made the occasion for a well-merited testimonial, but, by Mr. Guest's special desire, the subscriptions were limited to a modest sum. In 1877, Mr. Guest married Lady Theodora Grosvenor, sister of the late Duke of Westminster, and to her keenness and never-failing tact the success which marked his *régime* was, doubtless, partly due.

Personal Traits

Few Masters had more decided views than Mr. Merthyr Guest. He liked grey horses; therefore it was ordained that Master and men of the Blackmore Vale should ride grey horses and nothing else. He had a preference for light-coloured hounds, and consequently no expense was spared in purchasing as many light-coloured hounds as could be obtained, while his breeding at home was largely regulated by considerations of colour. He had his own ideas about make and shape too, insisting that a hound with long toes, like a hare, was far better calculated to jump on and off the Dorsetshire banks than one with the round, "cat" foot so generally in favour. A rigid disciplinarian, he would occasionally visit the sins of an individual offender on his field by taking hounds home forthwith. It is said that, after one episode of

The Quorn at Kirby Gate: Captain J. Burns-Hartopp, the Master, and Lord Charles Bentinck

The Quorn: The field at Kirby Gate

this sort, when the order for home was given very early in the day, certain enthusiasts, declining to believe that so keen a hand could resist the temptation of letting hounds draw again, actually followed hounds back to kennels, and the Master to his house, before taking their departure. Mr. Guest was a great smoker, preferring a clay pipe to the choicest cigar, and a story, perhaps apocryphal, used to be told how once he bestowed a sovereign on one of his whippers-in for restoring a favourite pipe that had slipped from his pocket. He was certainly one of the most generous of men.

The Shires

Some brief account of the Quorn's doings on the opening day of the season was furnished in last week's issue. Though the day provided plenty of sport it was, from a spectacular point of view, disappointing, and to the many wielders of cameras, who sought to procure yearly souvenirs of the important event, the dismal weather and steady downpour of rain was particularly vexing. Such results as were obtained, however, will serve to remind us of the gloomy conditions which marked the Kirby Gate of 1904. Since the beginning of the regular season, the Quorn have continued to do well, and Bishopp has evidently profited by his long cub-hunting season, for his pack is in rare fettle. The Belvoir had a poorish day on their first Croxton Park Wednesday, though there were plenty of foxes; scent was execrable, and no wonder, with such a wind blowing. Mr. Fernie commenced quietly at Gumley, foxes declining to go far afield, though a fair forty-five minutes' hunt was had from Mowsley Gorse. The Cottesmore did but little from Greetham Inn and Tilton Wood, but a good day resulted from The Bull, Witham Common, though it was marred by the Master, Mr. Evan Hanbury sustaining a fractured collar-bone through a fall at barbed wire. A long trot to Cottesmore Gorse resulted in a brilliant run by Ashwell and over the Whissendine to Stapleford Park. In the end a good fox escaped near Saxby.

Lord Rothschild's Hounds

Always to the fore, as showing remarkable sport over a particularly charming country, Lord Rothschild's staghounds are especially prominent at present, since the question whether their progeny is to be admitted to the Foxhound Stud Book is at the root of the controversy which is engaging the authorities concerned. On

In the Vale of Aylesbury with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds: A nasty jump, with a big drop

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds: Enlarging the deer

one point, however, everyone is agreed, that there is no better bred, or more handsome, pack to be found in the United Kingdom, whatever the abilities of their stock may be when pitted against a fox. Thanks to the munificence of the Rothschild family, an occasional day in the Vale of Aylesbury is enjoyed by many a jaded Londoner, while a wide district has reaped much benefit by the number of sportsmen who have made it their hunting headquarters. Lord Rothschild and his brother, Mr. Leopold, have for years shared the duties of Mastership, though the former has, unfortunately, been far from well of late. His place, however, is admirably filled by the Hon. Walter Rothschild, who seems to obtain as much enjoyment from a day with the hounds as from a surveillance of his zoological collection or from his profound studies in biology. Jack Boore, the huntsman, has proved himself a worthy successor to Cox, the memory of whose prowess will never fade in the Vale. A long period of service under the late Lord Willoughby de Broke should suffice to teach anyone all about hounds in the kennel and the field, and Boore has certainly proved himself an exceptionally apt pupil.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds: The Hon. Walter Rothschild and J. Boore, the huntsman

Side-Slip

The seasons change, but each season in its turn brings its own road troubles—the summer dust is behind us, almost forgotten, quite unregretted—the incoming winter gives us in its place a treacherous enemy to deal with, namely, grease. Dust, after all, is merely dust, but grease is the very fiend himself, from the motorist's point of view. There is not a driver living who has not experienced that unnerving feeling of slipping helplessness. We all of us know what it is—a greasy patch, "the car takes charge," waltzes round, and the rest is a matter of luck. Side-slip has been the subject of many inventions and a multitude of theories, but even now considerable differences of opinion exist amongst all drivers.

Experts

This being so, I have thought it well to mark the opening of the "sliding season" by a correspondence in these columns. So important and contentious do I consider the subject of side-slip that I make no apology for devoting a considerable part of my space this week to the topic, and I recommend my readers to study with attention two letters from experts which I am able to publish this week. Mr. Charles Jarrott's reputation as a driver is world-wide, while Captain Deasy has successfully negotiated Swiss mountains and difficult Alpine passes without a single accident.

All Kinds of Policemen

While Kingston is agitated by the efforts of a worthy constable to occupy the mayoral chair, Cobham suffers from a police-sergeant who dresses like a tramp. This latter fact was recently revealed in an amusing case before the Kingston bench. Policeman Lucas summoned a chauffeur—first, for driving a motor-car to the danger of the public over the Fairmile, Cobham; and, secondly, for refusing to stop when he called upon him to do so. The defendant, who won his case—losing, however, his costs—pleaded that he had no idea that such a shabbily-dressed man, whom he took to be a tramp, could be an officer in the pay of the world-renowned Kingston bench. If the motor fines that these fossil magistrates collect are insufficient to clothe the police in fitting garments, the hat might go round amongst the Ripley road motorists who foregather at the Hut Hotel on a Sunday. I dismiss as unworthy the thought that it was a disguise; nevertheless, let motorists beware and

LOOK OUT FOR "TRAMPS"

Near the river at Kingston.

On the Fairmile, Cobham.

Near Buckden, Huntingdonshire (this unnecessary trap is still as "popular" as ever).

Round Winchester.

Through Barnet.

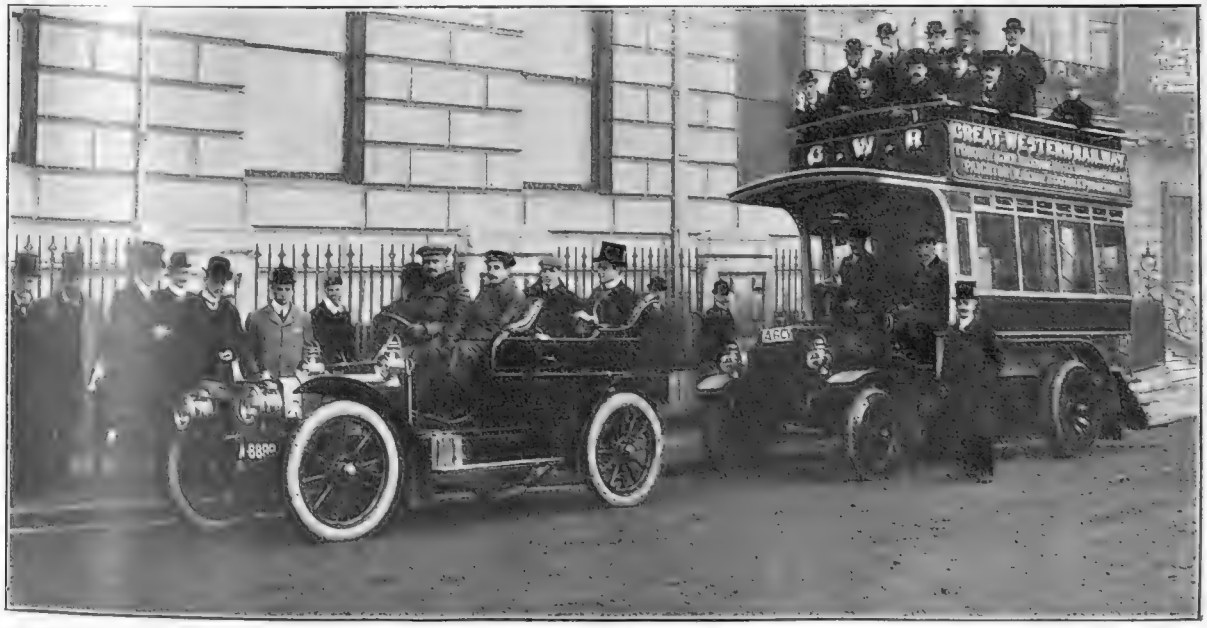


Photo by] **Captain Deasy in his 16-20 h.-p. Martini** [*Archer*

The Milne-Daimler Bus on the right contains press representatives, who came to see him start on the 4,000 miles reliability trial. Mr. Alfred Hunter, the BYSTANDER motoring expert, is seen in the tonneau of Captain Deasy's car, and is wearing a silk hat

Baras breaking the world's record for the Flying Kilometre on his 100 h.-p. Darracq, November 13, at Ostend

He covered the distance in 21 2-5th seconds. Travelling at this speed he covers 152 ft. in a second of time

SIDE-SLIP CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Charles Jarrott's Views

45, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.,
November 8, 1904.

To the Editor.

My Dear Sir,—Referring to your favour of the 3rd instant, on the question of side-slip with motor-cars, I am afraid some of the points you raise require a considerable effort to answer satisfactorily. I will endeavour, however, to give you my opinion in regard to the questions you ask.

Of course, I would point out that I am in this letter merely expressing my personal opinion, and I have no doubt that, in view of the subject having a number of aspects, that you will obtain a number of opinions somewhat contrary to my own. I merely speak from my own experience.

1. I do not know of a really satisfactory detachable appliance to prevent side-slip. I know there are a large number of devices on the market which claim to do this, but they are of little use in reality. Their disabilities may be either that they are ineffective, or because they only last for a very short distance; but anyhow, from the private user's point of view, they are too expensive to keep in order, or else they do so much damage to the tyres when they are used that it is cheaper to be without them.

The best fixed appliance I know of is the device known as the "Samson Tread." This is a chrome leather covering, which is vulcanised on to the cover, and has a flat tread with metal studs. This seems the most effective device I have tried, and the most satisfactory for all-round use. It has the disability of damaging the cover after some considerable time, and also it is liable to slip on a dead dry road, as the metal studs do not give as good a grip on a dry surface as rubber. On grease, however, it is very effective.

2. The approximate loss of speed, if the "Samson Tread" is fitted, is comparatively slight. Of course, there is a loss of speed, but it is not very apparent.

3. Side-slip can be rectified, to a large extent, by skilful use of the steering wheel. It depends, to a very large extent, on the nature of the surface; for instance, on greasy asphalte, although some control can be maintained over the car by skilful handling of the steering wheel, nevertheless, the control is very slight, and the only safeguard is to travel slowly, and keep the car straight upon the road.

4. I think the degree of tyre inflation can have a great effect on side-slip. I am aware it is contended that a dead hard tyre is less liable to slip than a fairly soft one. My own experience, however, has been that a soft tyre is less liable to slip than a tyre which is dead hard. I am not recommending the practice of keeping tyres soft, because this is ruinous to the tyre itself, but dealing with the question of side-slip alone, I certainly think that an advantage is gained by not having the tyre pumped up too hard.

5. The weight of the tonneau has undoubtedly a very great bearing on the question of skidding. A car fitted, for instance, with a racing back can be easily straightened up, owing to the fact that when the slip takes place it has very little weight behind it to give it an impulse. For this reason equal distribution of the weight over the four wheels of the car is to be recommended, and the hanging of a heavy body behind the rear wheels should not be countenanced if it is desired that the car should not be susceptible to side-slips.

While mentioning this point, I would like to emphasise that the length of the wheelbase of the car is very important. A car with a short wheelbase is much more inclined to slip than a car with a long one. Possibly I am hardly correct in saying this. I should probably say that side-slip with a car having a long wheelbase is much more easily rectified than side-slip on a car with a short wheelbase.

6. I do not think there is any difference between the behaviour of a chain-driven car and a bevel-driven car. If there is any difference, I will give my decision in favour of a chain drive. This is merely an opinion, and I could not give any reason for the opinion.

Yours very faithfully,
Chas. Jarrott.

The Largest Locomotive in the World: A giant engine on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, U.S.A.

This colossal engine has been built for hauling very heavy freight trains over the mountain services on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was designed by Mr. J. E. Muhfeld, the B. & O. General Superintendent, and built by the American Locomotive Company. Steam is supplied to the cylinders from a huge boiler, the largest ever placed upon a locomotive, which has a heating surface of 5,591 sq ft., an outside diameter of 7 ft., and has its centre line "pitched" no less than 10 ft. above rail level. Engine and tender have the enormous weight of over 213 tons which is nearly 100 tons heavier than the largest locomotive in operation in Great Britain, namely, the six-coupled express engines of the Caledonian Railway

Captain Deasy's Views

Captain Deasy, whilst not claiming to have had a large experience of non-slipping contrivances, is of the opinion that the best on the market at the moment, from all points of view, is the "Parson's Non-skid." On the other points, Captain Deasy agrees with the following general views:

1. That none of the fixed appliances on the market at the present time are entirely satisfactory, as they set up internal wear in most cases, and also soon lose their efficiency through wearing smooth on the outer surface.

2. It is impossible to determine the approximate loss of speed. With studded bands, there *might* be no loss at all; the Parson's chain may possibly give from five to ten per cent.

3. A side-slip can be practically prevented entirely by the use of the steering wheel in the hands of a good driver. The main essential is to get the clutch out quickly enough, and get the car well in hand immediately the slip commences.

4. Partly inflated tyres will affect a side-slip more than fully inflated tyres.

5. The brake should not be used at all in a skidding car if it possibly can be avoided; if necessary to use it at all, it should be applied most gently, and intermittently, instantly releasing the pressure as the skid shows signs of increasing.

6. A car with a lot of weight at the back will slip much more than one in which the weight is well distributed between the wheels, or a car with passengers in front only will slip less than one loaded in the tonneau.

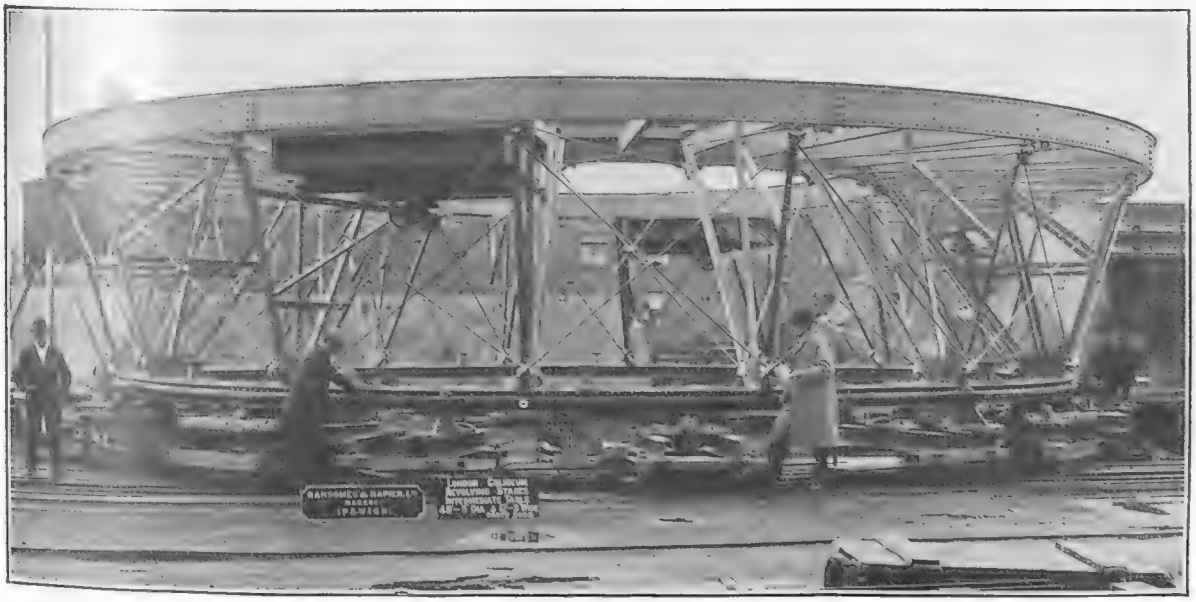
7. Without having any mechanical reason to account for it, it is believed that the chain-driven car slips less than the bevel-driven car.

I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Charles Jarrott and Captain Deasy for their interesting letters, and at the same time invite correspondence on this important subject.

A Real Test

The 4,000 miles Reliability Trial of the 16-20 h.-p. Martini car, upon which Captain H. H. P. Deasy started on November 14, is the first of the kind made under the auspices and control of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Hitherto, private trials of different kinds and at various distances have been held by manufacturers, but none of these have been official, nor have they been observed and reported upon by competent judges appointed by the ruling body of automobilism. The present test will be a severe one. The car having once started with the official observer on board, will remain under the control of the Automobile Club throughout the whole of the trial. Altogether, the conditions are those to which a car owned by a private gentleman might be subjected in ordinary use.

Alfred C. Hunter



One of three concentric stages now being fitted at the Coliseum

The illustration is from a photograph taken immediately after the stage had been tested at the works. These stages are intended to run in any direction at any speed up to twenty miles an hour

Rugby: Blackheath v. Cambridge at Rectory Fields

Blackheath *v.* Cambridge University
F. S. Cooper (Blackheath) taking a place kick

A Grand Win for Blackheath

The match between Blackheath and Cambridge University at the Rectory Fields, may be counted as a brilliant win for Blackheath. The club forwards played a great game; all the work done by them was perfect. In the scrummages the Cambridge efforts to hold ground against the pack were in vain. The two Cambridge half-backs worked magnificently round the pack, and they certainly cannot be blamed for the ineffective display of the three-quarters. The play of the Cambridge full-back was good and consistent, but all to no purpose, as the game played by Blackheath was too strong for him; and as their passing and tackling was quick and sure, on the whole, the ball was most of the time in the Cambridge territory. The Blackheath full-back (Harrison) succeeded in getting a try all on his own, and his play whilst doing it was extremely clever. Towards the end of the game Cambridge, playing up well, succeeded in scoring a drop goal. Blackheath may well be proud of the game they played on this occasion, and if they continue to play like this all through the season, they ought to have nothing to complain about. Scores: Blackheath, two goals, two tries (16 points); Cambridge, drop goal (4 points).

A Suggestion

That English and French teams are desirous of meeting is shown by the numerous fixture cards, but, for clubs that are unable to send a team to play our French friends from want of funds, I think the suggestion by "Dux" in the *Sportsman* is excellent. "When finance bars the way to meeting, perhaps some of the treasure which is stored in the cellars of the Rugby Union's new home in Surrey Street might be used with advantage to overcome the difficulty." But, perhaps, the Rugby Union find they are not in a position to meet the case in this way, as there would undoubtedly be a great number of demands on them. Moreover, it is, perhaps, hardly fair to expect them to use their funds for this purpose. However, one idea always leads to another, and, perhaps, the suggestion may lead to some other more feasible scheme being taken up which will make it possible for our poorer Rugby teams to have their share of "fighting the French." Why should not Rugby committees co-operate to devise some method of overcoming the difficulty.

Blackheath *v.* Cambridge University
Blackheath getting away with the ball

The Rugby Cheltenham Match

The teams taking the field

A smartly taken pass by Cheltenham

It's a fine afternoon as thirty young fellows in football kit group themselves under the lea of the Cheltenham College Library. A couple of cameras, a few clicks of the shutter, and the patient photo-man cries content. In twos and threes they stroll across the turf to the Pavilion. They are the footer teams of Rugby and Cheltenham, two public schools which can rightly claim to have been the cradle of the strenuous Rugby game. The home captain kicks off, and for five minutes there is give-and-take play, till Campbell, with a fine dodgy run, secures a good try, amidst Cheltonian shouts of "College." Tennant converts—more cheering and cap waving—the College has drawn first blood. The game restarts, and Rugby does a little better, but it is not long before a pretty round of passing amongst the home backs culminates in a long run by Foster, who, beating Ellis-Dunvers, the Rugby full-back, by sheer pace lands true between the posts. The College boys cheer to the echo, and another goal is added to their score amidst terrific and well-merited applause. After some mid-field play, Burton, a Rugby three-quarter, gets going, and a fast rush down the touch-line is only just stopped by Campbell shoving him into touch in goal. The play veers to the other wing, and Rugby, attacking vigorously, Roberts scores a try. The Cheltonians add another try, and half-time finds the Collegians with two goals and one try to Rugby's single try. In the second half, Roberts again scores for Rugby, and the try being converted, things look better for the visitors. Peel, a Cheltenham three-quarter, nearly gets through, but his knickers are torn off, and he perforce stops. Right up to the end, such is the vigour of the Rugby attack, the issue is doubtful, but with a minute to go Cheltenham scores again. The whistle follows quickly. Cheltenham have won by three goals and a try to a goal and a try.

A try converted

Ladies' Hockey: The Visit of the Dutch Team

It was most interesting to watch the hockey match which took place last week between Chiswick ladies and the sporting team of Dutch ladies who have come to England for the purpose of challenging three of the most noted of the Southern ladies' clubs. This, the first of their matches, was played on the South Ealing ground, and resulted in a draw: two goals all.

Chiswick were fortunate in being able to play their full first eleven, but it was very apparent that they were decidedly handicapped by the alterations to the game when played in accordance with the Dutch rules. In the first place, the ball is entirely different to that used in English hockey; it is about the size of a large orange, painted orange colour, and I should imagine, from its appearance, made of solid india-rubber. At any rate, it had the bounce one would attribute to that substance, and, in consequence, to those unaccustomed to it, was most difficult to stop. It possessed one distinct advantage—it was perfectly harmless—for on two occasions players receiving stinging blows from it in the face, which would have resulted in most serious accidents in the ordinary way, appeared to suffer no ill effects whatsoever. Another important alteration in the rules was the free use of either side of the stick, and this, even more than the ball, appeared to disconcert the Chiswick ladies, for though they fully intended to avail themselves of the privilege, habit and their strict training was too much for them, and, except for the left outside, who found it very useful, the remaining ten hardly ever took advantage of it.

The Dutch Team *v.* Chiswick Ladies
One of the Dutch ladies is hurt

Another noticeable difference was that in consequence of the lightness of their sticks, and their method of tapping the ball with first one side and then the other, the forwards played almost entirely with one hand. The result of this was, their passing was not so good, though it no doubt had the effect of increasing their speed, and making more brilliant their individual play. It was, taking it all round, a fine sporting game to watch, and though one can hardly consider the alterations in the rules as any improvement, still they certainly have their advantages, one of the principal being the diminished risks of serious accidents.

The Dutch Team of Lady Hockey Players now in England
Top Row (left to right): Mrs. Breitenstein, Miss Vas Visser, Mrs. Van de Poll, Miss L. Dólleman. Centre Row: Miss D. del Cour, Miss Van de Poll, Mrs. Van Senivia, Miss del Cour, Miss N. Dólleman. Bottom Row: Miss Vas Visser, Miss E. Dólleman

The Society Life of Mme. Batavia

The famous bear at the Royal Italian Circus, accompanied by Signor B. Volpi, her trainer, poses in the Photolinol Studio in her new "emotional" gown

Railway Bores in a Fog

SCENE: THE MORNING TRAIN UP TO TOWN

In a First-Class Smoking Compartment

PHILOSOPHICAL SEASON TICKET HOLDER (*looking up from his paper*): Another stoppage. Well, we shall be fortunate if we get up by lunch time.

NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE PASSENGER: It's scandalous, positively scandalous. (*Opens the window, thereby filling the compartment with fog.*) Here, guard, where are we now?

THE GUARD (*who is walking up and down outside*): That I can't exactly say, sir; somewhere this side of the junction, I should reckon.

NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE PASSENGER: Do you mean to say that you don't really know where we are? Then what are we stopping for? we might be run into at any moment. It's not safe. How far is the nearest station? I had better get out and walk.

THE GUARD: Better stay where you are, sir; it's not safe to wander about on the lines in this atmosphere. We shall be moving on presently.

CALM INDIVIDUAL: Don't you think that if you were to close that window, sir, and keep it closed, it would be more agreeable for all of us?

NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE PASSENGER: I was trying to find out where we were in the interests of everybody, not only of myself. (*Pulls up the window with a bang.*)

CALM INDIVIDUAL: It's very good of you, but, even if you had been able to locate us exactly, I don't quite see how that would have improved our position.

PHILOSOPHICAL SEASON TICKET HOLDER: The only thing to do is to resign oneself to the inevitable, and trust that we shan't be more than a couple of hours late.

NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE PASSENGER: You don't seem to consider that, while we are sitting here doing nothing and not making the least effort, we may be run into at any moment.

CALM INDIVIDUAL: What do you propose to do, or what do you suggest ought to be done?

YOUTH IN FAR CORNER: There's nothing to be done except to sit tight.

SPORTING FRIEND: And "keep your powder dry." (*To his friend.*) I'll never travel in a fog again without a pack of cards; we might have had a game of solo.

NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE PASSENGER: I don't exactly know what ought to be done; but something ought to be done.

PHILOSOPHICAL SEASON TICKET HOLDER: If anybody has any practical suggestion to make, we'll consider it.

The Nervous and Irritable Passenger having no suggestion to offer, drums impatiently upon the window-pane. The others resume the perusal of their papers, with the exception of the Calm Individual, who promptly proceeds to settle himself cosily for a comfortable forty winks.

A Tantalising Illustration to Londoners: When King Fog reigns in London, King Sol reigns in Cornwall

This illustration is from a photograph taken last week on the sands of Widemouth Bay, near Bude, Cornwall. The lucky inhabitants of this sunny spot are now enjoying an "Indian Summer," with roses and fuschias growing luxuriantly in the open air

In a Second-Class Carriage

PRECISE PERSON: Another stop, the twenty-eighth. I've been counting them.

DESPONDENT TRAVELLER: Shouldn't be surprised if it were fifty before we get to town.

FUSSY INDIVIDUAL (*consulting his watch*): Dear, dear me, twenty minutes past eleven. I shall be late for my appointment before the Judge in Chambers. How very, very annoying.

FACETIOUS PERSON: Let's 'ope his Lordship's in another train undergoing the same experience, then he won't commit you for contempt of Court.

FUSSY INDIVIDUAL: Commit me! I don't understand you, sir.

FACETIOUS PERSON (*relapsing into vulgarity*): All right, old cock, don't excite yourself, no 'arm done!

DESPONDENT TRAVELLER: There'll be a big accident on the line one of these days, mark my words. (*The other passengers feel very uncomfortable.*)

PRECISE PERSON: Are you aware that the cost of every fog amounts to something like a quarter of a million?

DESPONDENT TRAVELLER: I daresay it costs more than that, and sends up the death rate something dreadful. (*The passengers feel more uncomfortable.*)

PRECISE PERSON: About eighty-five-and-a-quarter per cent., I believe, of the deaths are directly traceable to the fog, but if you were to take into account the epidemic of colds, deaths from exposure, and other concomitants of the fog, the percentage would probably be much greater.

The other passengers wish these two would change the conversation to a more cheerful topic.

In a Third-Class Carriage

Both the windows are down, and at either end a couple of passengers are hanging out of them, in spite of the denseness of the fog which prevents them from seeing anything.

WORKMAN: Well, this a bit of 'orl right, I don't think.

REMINISCENT PASSENGER: Oh, this fog's nothing, nothing at all, to what it was in the winter of '74; you can remember that, Jem.

Jem, who doesn't remember it, nods his head as a sign of assent.

REMINISCENT PASSENGER: Ah, a cruel 'ard winter that wor; the frost and the fog together, they lasted nigh on six weeks, they did. (*Goes into a long story to illustrate the superiority of the '74 fog over the present one.*)

STOUT LADY: Well, you won't catch me out again in such weather; no, not if the Queen of England were to go down on her bended knees to invite me, and I wouldn't be going now, only I promised 'Liza Ann—that's my sister Lucy's child, the one that's in service—that I'd pay her a visit afore 'Xmas, and I'm not one to go back on me word, whatever you may think.

JEM: That's 'orl right, mother.

STOUT LADY (*who is not his mother*): Yes, young man, and if you think I'd disappoint me own sister's child (*continues her unnecessary protestation of invincible determination to perform her promise*).

WORKMAN: I'm fer a gargle at the fust station we stops at.

JEM: 'Ere, 'ere.

Photo by] **Mr. Arthur Roberts in his new skit "Brummagem Jem," by Basil Hood, at the Palace** [*Campbell-Gray*

In the scene depicted above, Brummagem Jem, a jeweller's traveller, is rather disconcerted by the apparent boldness of Miss Anna Byers (Miss Ruby Celeste), of the *Daily Female*. The misunderstanding between them forms an amusing situation, which is worked up in Arthur Roberts's inimitable manner

London is certainly not the place in which to spend November. These dreadful yellow fogs which have lately descended upon us, blotting out the whole universe, as it seems, are the sure penalties of living in this huge city. While Londoners were choking and gasping for breath, groping their way through black streets, and shivering with the dank clamminess invariably accompanying these visitations, a few miles away the country was smiling as though it were June. So mild and pleasant has it been, indeed, that the trees, which long ago should have shed their last leaves, are still gallantly defying the winter season. In some places on the south coast the weather has been so mild, and the sun so warm, that children were to be seen paddling in the sea and playing on the beach, barefooted, as though it were mid-summer. Then one returns to town and, ugh! we want our warmest clothes, we find it difficult to breathe, and there is no day at all, merely a sooty, unhealthy, and nauseous miasma.

The Bohemian twins who have arrived in London present an extraordinary phenomenon to us. Poor girls! Through a freak of nature, their lives are spent as though they were but one person. The extraordinary thing is that, though joined together in such a manner that it would be impossible to operate on them without killing them, they appear perfectly happy, and are at present enjoying themselves in London, even in spite of the wretched fog. But what a strange existence for two girls to lead. I wonder if they will follow the example of the Siamese twins, who caused such a sensation many years ago, and who eventually married two sisters, who reared healthy and normal families. It must be a terrible thing for them, taking it how you will. The least among us, whatever else he may be, has at least a separate entity; but only to own half a body is, on the part of Mother Nature, hardly playing the game.

The recent step taken by the new Mayor of Huddersfield, in connection with the terrible mortality amongst infants, brings us face to face with a rather startling fact. The scheme put into immediate operation in the district of Huddersfield is, briefly, as follows: To the parents of every child born in that district during his year of office, the Mayor presents a note, promising to pay £1 on its attaining the age of twelve months. It appears necessary, in these days of advanced civilisation, to bribe the mothers of England to prolong the lives of their children! Truly, rather a serious state of affairs, and yet the new Mayor seems to think it necessary, and already it is under discussion on a further scale. It strikes me as extremely sad that such an offer should even have to be thought of. It certainly implies that the mothers of the present day are lacking in all the instincts of love and care for their offspring, those instincts which are found in all the lower animals. Those who suppose that the gift of a sovereign at the end of twelve months will procure the desired effect, are evidently of this opinion. It is undoubtedly a praiseworthy attempt on the part of Mayor Broadbent, but, to my mind, scarcely applied in the right direction. The great mortality in child life is not due to the lack of desire to keep their babies alive, but to the terrible ignorance on the part of these women of the poorer classes. If the money could but be applied to a thoroughly practical enlightenment, then, of these women who have the charge of children, surely it need not be offered in the nature of a bribe.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Bohemian Twins now in London

The twins had quite an exciting time during their journey across the Continent to England. German railway officials insisted on having two tickets, though the Belgians were satisfied with one being taken. Our own S.E. and C.R. charged double fare. It is understood that these ladies will shortly appear before the public.

The Bystander, November 23, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 51.—Vol. IV. Wednesday, November 23, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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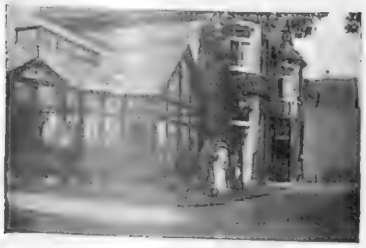
KENT (in a rural spot close to a village, under 40 minutes of Town).—To be SOLD, an old-world RESIDENCE, situate 300ft. above the sea level, approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance. Accommodation: billiard & 3 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms; stabling & farmery, cottage, 31 acres of finely-wooded grounds. Hunting with several packs. Golf. Photo. (12,477)



HERTS AND MIDDLESEX (borders of).—In a rural situation, close to picturesque old village, to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this comfortable modern RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully-timbered & secluded grounds of over 10 acres. Accommodation: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); excellent stabling for 5 horses, rooms for coachman, small farmery. The Residence is fitted with all modern comforts & conveniences; the inadequate sum of £300 being asked for the improvements. Rent, £170 per annum. Furnished, £300 per annum. Might be SOLD. (12,481)

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WANDSWORTH COMMON.—Well-built FREEHOLD RESIDENCE for SALE, with immediate possession. Standing in tastefully laid-out grounds. Accommodation: 10 bed, dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms, & offices; stabling for 3. Price, £3,800. (40,254)

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RUGBY (near).—In an excellent hunting district, to be SOLD, an attractive modern RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (h. & c.), stabling for 10, coachman's cottage tastefully laid-out pleasure garden, paddocks, etc., in all 10 acres. Price, £5,000. (12,483)

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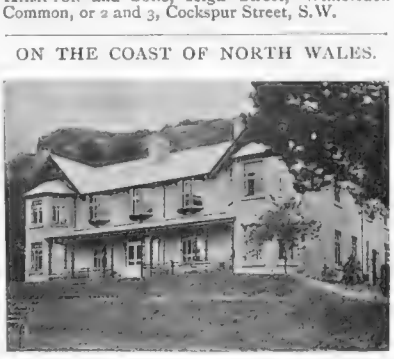

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£1,100.—In a fine open position, on the borders of Berks and Surrey, conveniently near station and in a good social neighbourhood. To be SOLD (might be LET), a first-rate RESIDENCE, standing well back from road, and containing: entrance hall, drawing, dining, and morning rooms, kitchen and offices, 7 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, etc. Capital pleasure and kitchen gardens, lawn, etc. Two-stall stable, coach-house with loft, and man's room.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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SMALL HOUSE, WITH LARGE ROOMS AND OLD GARDEN. INSIDE THE FOUR-MILE CAB RADIUS.

TO BE SOLD, Detached HOUSE on Tulse Hill, with drawing and dining rooms, each about 23ft. by 14ft., morning room, principal bedroom 23ft. by 14ft., 6 smaller bedrooms, bathroom. Excellent light offices. Secluded garden about 200ft. long, abutting on to Brockwell Park, and within 12 minutes' walk of three stations. Electric light and bells. Hot and cold water. Lease, 36 years. Low ground rent. Price, £1,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,220)

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£7,500 WILL BUY a Compact SPORTING ESTATE which has cost, within the last two years, over £12,000. It is situate in a beautiful part of Sussex, and comprises a pleasure farm of 166 acres, mostly grass, with the above charming old Residence, which has been modernised and brought up to date; electric light, modern sanitary arrangements; 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bath; stabling and farm buildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, secondary residence, 4 cottages, etc.—Further particulars, photographs, and plan, of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property, and can thoroughly recommend it. (2,600)

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TO BE LET OR SOLD, an attractive GABLED HOUSE in a park of 25 acres. 3 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 3.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (2,250)

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£2,000 for a small ESTATE of 40 acres of rich meadow and arable land, with a quaint old gabled Manor House erected in the sixteenth century. It contains: drawing room (22 ft. 6 in. by 22 ft.), dining room with mullioned bay window, morning room, 9 bedrooms, etc. Ornamental gardens. Set of farm buildings, 5 cottages.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,[illegible])

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ABOUT ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

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REMARKABLY cheap little ESTATE of 52 acres. Price, £2,500 only; gentleman's HOUSE: 10 bedrooms, 3 reception, square hall; stabling, charming gardens, and very useful land; 1½ miles from station; 400ft. above sea; grand views of Mend Hills.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,851)

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PRICE £4,100.

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HERTS (about 40 minutes from Euston).—To be SOLD, a choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 75 acres, comprising a handsome RESIDENCE of medium size, also farmery, bailiff's house, and cottages; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, and park-like pasture and meadow land. Hunting and fishing. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,726)

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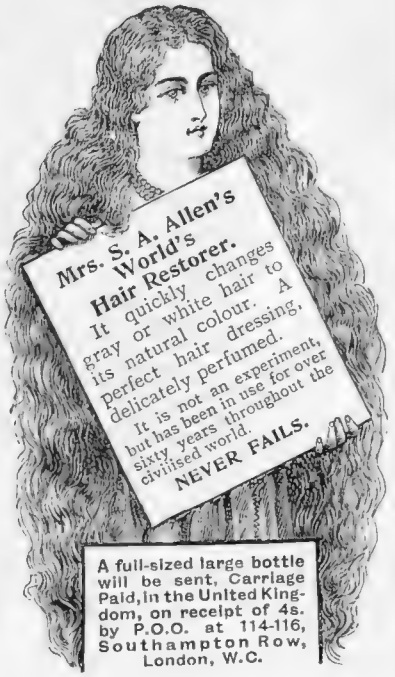

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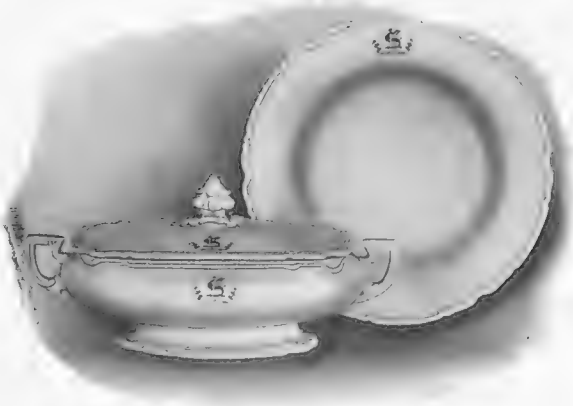

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The Proprietors of Fuo shipped to this now historic town a large quantity of their Mouth Wash just previous to the outbreak of hostilities. A cynic has suggested that this may have something to do with the tenacity with which the Russians are holding on to the town and its contents.

Fuo is the most highly-concentrated and consequently the most economical of all preparations for the teeth and mouth. Five drops of Fuo are ample.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

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TOTTENHAM HOUSE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

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Street. Those of us who watched with personal interest the rapid growth of this famed Irish Linen House, realised very quickly the causes at work, albeit there were moments when our optimism failed a little before certain superficially meretricious surroundings.

Faithful and true, however, to their creed of providing only the best, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver stand to-day a monumental evidence as to honesty being the best policy, both pecuniarily and otherwise. There can be no question as to the soundness of finances that can stand an outlay, such as this firm have lately expended, in the decoration and general fitting up of their new show-rooms, which, like the old, front into Regent Street, while running back the entire length of Beak Street To gain any just idea at all of the palatial character of the place, a personal visit is imperative, ocular demonstration alone being able to do justice to these marble halls with their accessories of plate-glass show cases, chairs, and counters, etc., in light polished oak.

An original drawing of a pretty blouse of crêpe-de-Chine and lace

Space, Light, and Air

The initial impression all will have on entering here is deep gratitude for space and light and air, shopping conditions that betoken of themselves integrity of purpose and straight dealing. There will be no buying "a pig in a poke" here, as the old saying has it, for all is as clear and above-board as daylight, or a wonderful system of artificial lighting, can make it. But such, of course, is merely the frame, and that, despite the best magnificence, is merely subsidiary to the picture, comprised in this case of practically all made garments pertaining to feminine attire, together with what is known as haberdashery—there is a very world of significance to me in that name—and fancy goods.

It is only upon ascending, however, a sweep of staircase that is marble, every inch of it, that one finds the exclusive costume and mantle model, a rare selection whereof has served to inaugurate a *salon*, that, it may be readily surmised, will very speedily become the chosen rendezvous of the elect. We have selected for our picture a young girl's dance dress, this, to our mind, evidencing better than any extravagance the supremely good taste that prevails, the taste that can achieve effect without effort. This model, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver are building in all the approved delicate shades of chiffon, also in black or white muslins or silks, for five guineas. The scheme is an unbroken harmony, with shapely waist-belt of soft silk, and a single chiffon rose and loose-hanging buds for sole decorative detail—simply an ideal *débutante's* dress—while, for those who require something more impressive, there is a prodigal choice in lace-trimmed chiffons and *distingué* little taffeta gowns.

Evening wraps, too, claim a very special word of praise, several notable novelties occurring in cream and white cloth, one of which is held to the figure by crossed straps—after the style of those used in golf capes—of embroidered gold *galon*; whereas another, still more original, boasts a vest stitched with Braden-burgs of braid, and hooking invisibly down the centre. And just one more wonder, and then we have done. There is, awaiting the approval of all those in need of such, a tweed skirt, of excellent design and irreproachable build, priced at one guinea. That this *jupe* looks, and verily is, I believe, worth double the price, is merely due to the enterprising spirit which formed the text of our discussion, and its acceptance is a foregone conclusion in view of the fact that the era of the fur coat is just about to begin in full earnest.

The Eternal Blouse

But would we have it otherwise? I think not! At the same time, the fact must be pretty well apparent to all, that the blouse is going through a certain tentative phase that is distinctly trying. Apart from the high belt, there is nothing positive to which we can cling, in the matter of outline, so there merely remains for us to court a distinctive alliance of fabric and decoration. And such, we are disposed to think, has been achieved, in the accompanying sketch, a modish little thing of crêpe-de-Chine, and spotted net and lace *appliqué* with velvet. It is a scheme that works out well in any of the neutral tints, also in black or all white, or an admixture of the two, and those who have a fancy to do so may elaborate the treatment of the net yoke with every surety of success.

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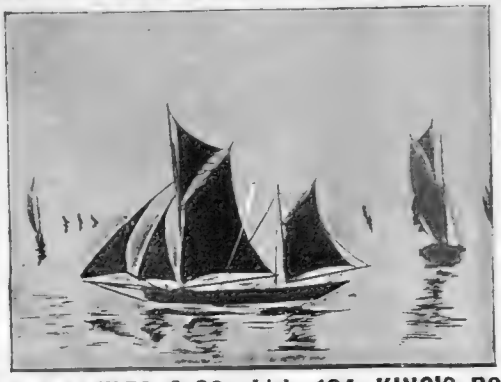

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You are invited to hear and test the "TRIUMPH" at our Showrooms, or kindly write for interesting Treatise on the "TRIUMPH."

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There is one lead of which I am growing very doubtful: it is the lead of the ace from ace with two, or three, little ones, when a trump call has been made against you. I gave it in the code of leads I published in THE BYSTANDER, because most of the authorities approve of it: it is besides, one of the leads in the excellent code of the Blenheim Club But the more I see of it in practice the less I like it. It seems to me to weaken a hand without gaining any advantage to make up for that weakening.

Take this hand for example:

Hearts have been declared trumps.
The leader holds:

♥	J	10	3	
♦	10	7	6	4
♣	J	4	3	
♠	A	9	6	

The authorities advise the lead of the ace of spades from this hand. I have come to the conclusion that I would sooner lead any other card in it, except a trump

The chief reason for the lead of the ace of spades seems to be that you win the trick, and can make an advantageous second lead after Dummy's hand has been exposed. It seems to me that you sacrifice far too much to secure that not excessive advantage.

(1) It is likely that you are clearing one of your opponent's suits.

(2) You are depriving your hand of its only card of re-entry It is true that the hand itself has no use for a card of re-entry; but your partner may show a strong suit, and later you may want to get in to lead it to him. Or you may want to get in to spoil a cross-ruff by leading a third round of trumps, I would sooner lead the four of diamonds, and far sooner lead the knave of clubs. That is manifestly the best lead; your partner, seeing his own hand and Dummy's, can hardly fail to understand that it is the highest of a short suit.

The more I play the more I wish there were some central authority who could amend the laws of Bridge. In especial, the penalties for doubling or redoubling out of turn should be added to these laws from the American code. It is surprising how many people still believe that there is a penalty under the English code for this manifest transgression; and how they will argue the point when you assure them there is not. The English code merely says that the dealer's left-hand adversary has the first right to double, and that the player who has made the trump declaration has the first right to redouble; but if their partners double or redouble before they can speak, nothing happens, and the double, or the redouble, stands.

The American law runs:

If the right-hand adversary of the dealer double before his partner has asked "May I lead?" the declarer of the trump shall have the right to say whether or not the double shall stand.

And with regard to re-doubling out of turn, it runs:

If any player redouble out of turn, the adversary who last doubled shall decide whether or not the double shall stand.

These laws ought to be added to the English code.

PROBLEMATICUS.

The Menu

I have been asked by some of my readers to give a few recipes for savouries, and hope the following will be of use:

BLOATER ROES, WITH OYSTERS

Cut some pieces of bread, three inches long, one inch wide, and half-an-inch deep, hollow out the centres, and fry quite crisp; fill with soft roes of bloaters, with three oysters on each, which must be sautéd in butter for a couple of minutes; add a squeeze of lemon, a sprinkling of cayenne, and serve very hot.

CHEESE FRITTERS

One egg, well beaten, with pepper, salt, and a little milk. Grate a piece of cheese—3 oz. makes five fritters. Add to it the mixture, with a piece of butter and a little more milk. Well butter patty pans, fill them nearly full, and bake in the oven for about ten minutes. Serve very hot.

FANCY SAVOURY

Fry some croûtons. They must be a nice square shape. Stone an olive, and place it on the centre of each. Curl a boned anchovy round it, and on two corners of the croûton place little heaps of finely-cut hard-boiled egg, and on the other two little piles of lobster coral. The latter could be omitted, and only hard-boiled egg used.

SARDINES MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Take six sardines, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one thin slice of onion pounded fine, one tablespoonful of Chili vinegar, ¼ pt. of melted butter, and a round of toast; scrape the sardines, arrange them neatly on toast, and put the above sauce over them, adding a squeeze of lemon juice and cayenne to it.

ANCHOVY STRAWS

Take 2 oz. of flour, and mix it with a little salt and a very small spoonful of white pepper. Then take 2 oz. of anchovies that have been washed, boned, and well pounded. Rub the anchovy paste and 2 oz. of butter well into the flour, and then mix all these ingredients together, with the yolk of an egg, to a smooth paste. Roll the paste out into a strip one-eighth of an inch in thickness and five inches wide. Cut this paste into strips one-eighth of an inch wide, so that the straws will be five inches long and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Put these, on a baking sheet, into a *very hot* oven for about ten minutes, and send them to table hot.

EMILIA.

The BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

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December 7, 1904

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Christmas Cards

We have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck a selection of Calendars, Christmas and New Year cards, and Christmas post-cards. It would be useless to try to give a detailed description of all the beautiful and novel designs of these cards and calendars—of which, we are told, there are upwards of 3,500—but we certainly think that the productions of Messrs. Tuck would be difficult to equal, much less to surpass. The Christmas cards are all that could be desired, and the humorous cards are amusing, without being in the least vulgar. The Christmas post-cards, as the name implies, are a combination of the old-fashioned Christmas card with the new-fashioned picture post-card, and they are a remarkably happy idea. Among the calendars, though all the designs are artistic and novel, the "Rag-Time Calendar" is one of the quaintest and original we have seen for a long time. There is no doubt that Messrs. Raphael Tuck's productions are far ahead of any others in the same line, and any purchaser of Christmas cards and calendars may be sure of obtaining the best if they get Messrs. Tuck's goods.

A Book for the Profession

Mr. Arthur Laceby, who is playing the Magistrate in *Sergeant Brue*, at the Prince of Wales's, is the author of a book with the strange title "The Stage Struggles of a Bad Actor." It is published by the Scots Publishing Company, and is to be an uniform volume with their "Wee Macgreegor."

Crystal Palace

Considerable progress has been made with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition to be held at the Crystal Palace next summer. The greater number of the Crown Colonies have made arrangements to be represented, and although no definite conclusions have been arrived at by the Constitutional Colonies (with the exception of Victoria, which has taken space), there is little doubt that Canada, New South Wales, New Zealand, and South Australia, will be officially represented. In the case of the Colonies in which the Governments are not participating, such as the South African Colonies and Western Australia, a considerable amount of space has been taken up by private exhibitors. The Indian Government look favourably upon the scheme, and, although up to the present only a display of Indian forestry has been definitely decided upon, there is every reason to believe, from the negotiations in progress, that a large space devoted to the full resources of our great Eastern Empire will be arranged. The Chambers of Commerce of Cochin and Cawnpore have announced their intention of sending representative exhibits, and the Chambers throughout India have the matter under consideration. Altogether, a really representative exhibition of our Imperial resources is promised.

A fascinating game for Christmas (Published by Jaques and Co.)

The game illustrated above is an adaptation of the game played in the famous Casino at Monte Carlo, and enables the players to enjoy the same thrilling excitement without journeying to the sunny south. The winning number is decided by the dealing of the cards, as explained in the rules, and players have the option of placing their stakes in ten different positions, with varying chances from even to 35 to 1 against. By the substitution of the cards for the Roulette Board the noise of the revolving board is obviated.

	PRICE	s.	d.
No. 1, with board, 3 packs of Cards, and counters in box		2	6
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Remarkable Pedestrian Feat

A man of about five-and-thirty, strong and hearty in appearance, recently climbed slowly up the steps of the Church Army headquarters, and sank exhausted into a chair which was considerately placed for him. "Tired?" sympathetically asked a clerk. He was very tired, indeed. The poor fellow had walked the whole weary way from the —— Workhouse, a distance of fully two miles, and had actually succeeded in covering the distance in little more than seven hours! Further patient inquiry revealed the fact that he had been a worker—once, and once only. It was evidently a sore subject, but he was unable to conceal the fact that, in 1887, he worked for no less than three months for a Mr. Smith, a farmer. Since then he had gained a living by being one of the unemployed.

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.
This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 22nd day of November, 1904, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 30th day of November, 1904.
This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance either direct to our Publisher, or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps, for registration, to

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Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—NOVEMBER 23, 1904.
Entered as second-class matter at New York (N. Y.) Post Office.